ENGLAND FORMING AN ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN?
by Col. Edward M. House

DEC. 22, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA CODE

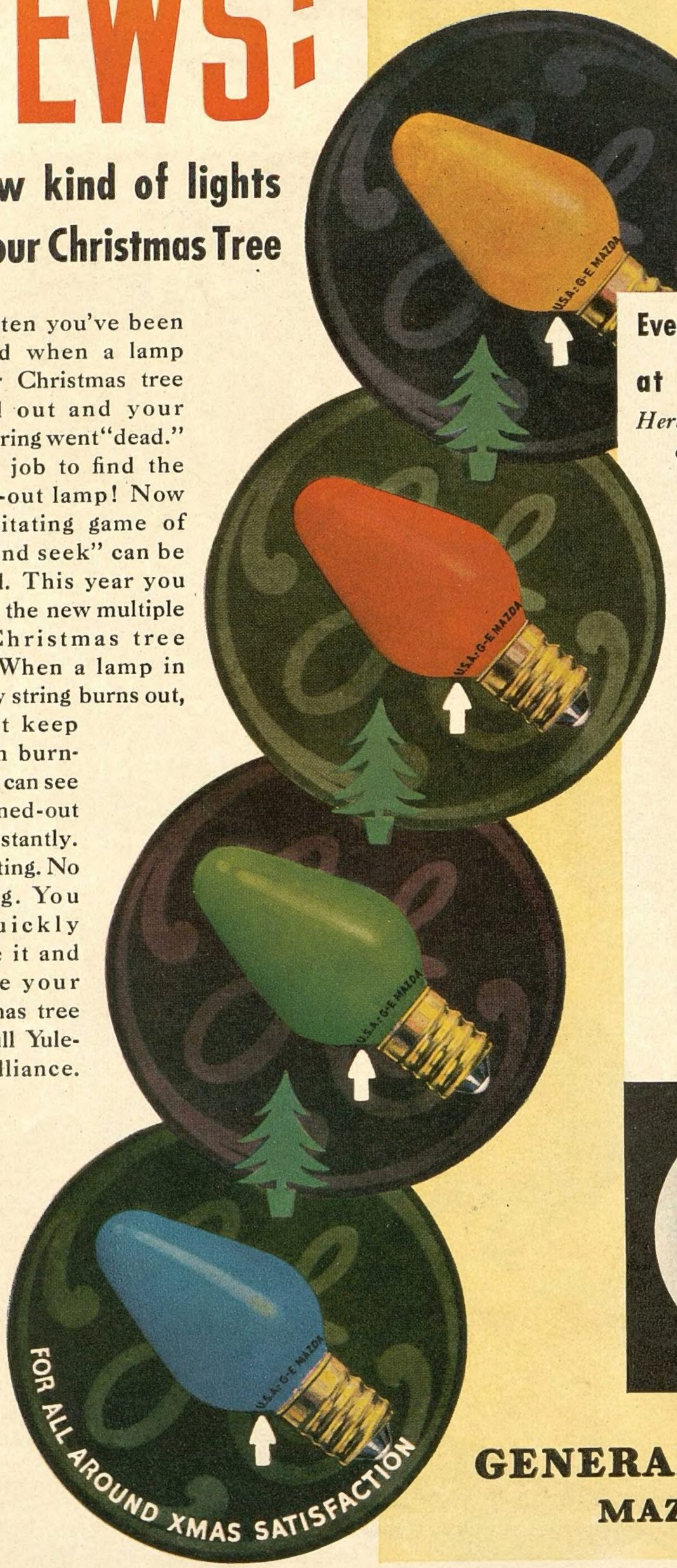
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY DURANTE
by
Clara Beranger

Leslie Thrasher

NEWS:

A new kind of lights for your Christmas Tree

How often you've been annoyed when a lamp on your Christmas tree burned out and your whole string went "dead." What a job to find the burned-out lamp! Now this irritating game of "hide and seek" can be avoided. This year you can buy the new multiple type Christmas tree string. When a lamp in this new string burns out, the rest keep right on burning. You can see the burned-out lamp instantly. No hunting. No fussing. You can quickly replace it and restore your Christmas tree to its full Yuletide brilliance.



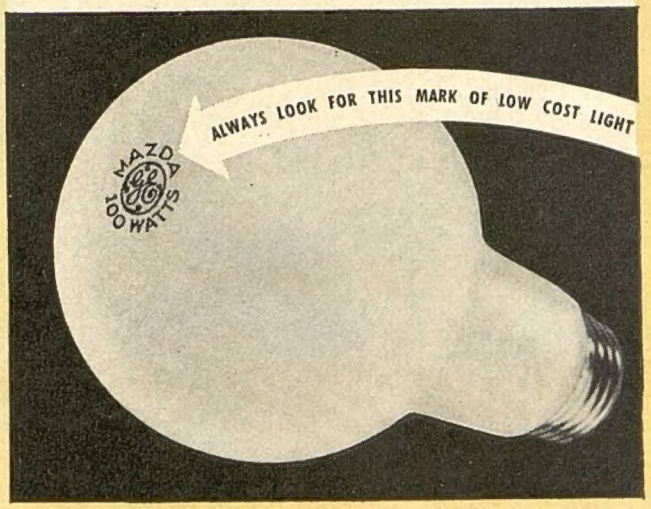
Every home uses more light at CHRISTMAS TIME

Here's how to use it more effectively and economically this year . . .

✓ 1. By insisting on General Electric MAZDA lamps for your Christmas tree. Avoid so-called "bargain" lamps that may cost a little less—but that burn out quickly, and that lose their color and sparkle through early blackening.

✓ 2. By insisting on General Electric MAZDA Decorative lamps for outdoor and indoor decoration. Colored "bargain" lamps are often current-wasters and, like inferior Christmas tree lamps, they burn out quickly and blacken prematurely.

✓ 3. By filling all sockets for general use with General Electric MAZDA lamps .. the lamps that are tested 480 times to save your eyes and your pocketbook.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

IS THIS WORTH REBUILDING?

Go into America's schoolrooms, to see what is meant. Thousands of young bodies robbed of growth and vitality through four cruel years. Young minds dulled by four years' want. Young hearts grown used to aching. Blameless young eyes that look up at you as if expecting a blow...*still another blow.* These signs tell, as statistics never can, what has happened to tens of thousands of America's children... desolation of minds and bodies and hearts pitifully young. Now, as America starts all her other reconstruction, isn't *this,* too, worth rebuilding--you wives and mothers of America? You should understand it best—and see clearest the stark need for help.

The *way* to help is through your Community Chest or your other local welfare associations. To give ...*all* you can...to help provide the human rebuilding materials so imperatively needed. 1934's Mobilization is a cooperative program to reinforce local fund-raising for human needs. *No national fund is being raised:* each community will have full control of the fund it raises.

1934 MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

REBUILD

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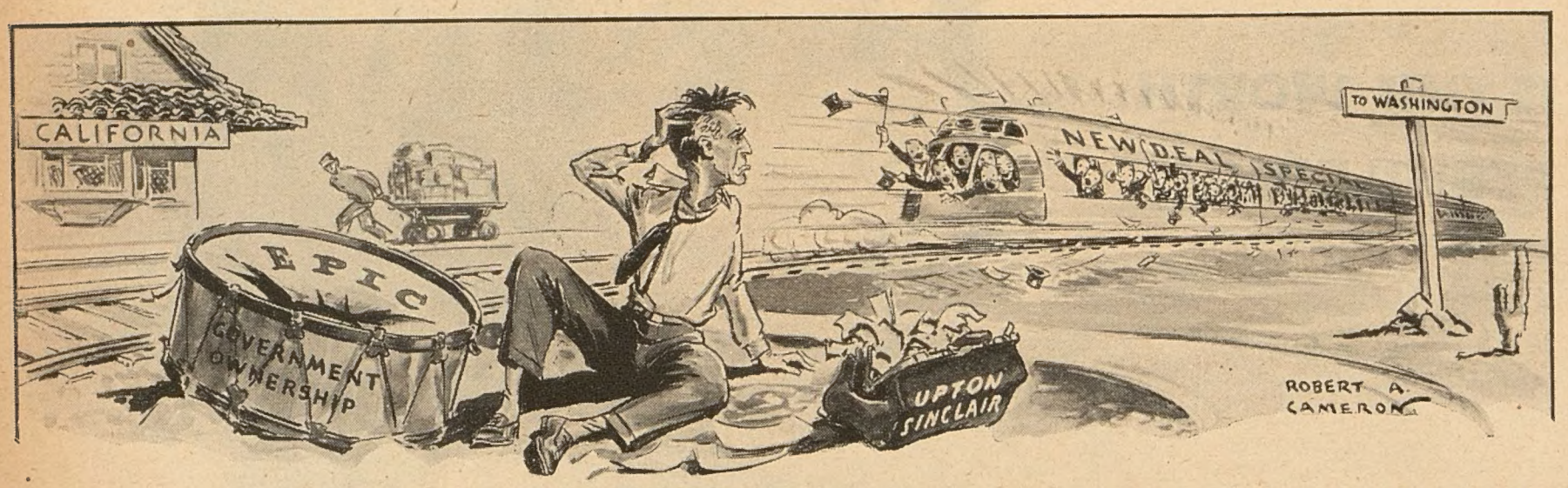
THE NEW DEAL WINS—BUT HOW ABOUT GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP?



THE New Deal enjoyed a glorious victory. Republicans everywhere, old and new, went down to an ignominious defeat.

The people were tired of the old régime, and the political bosses opposed to the New Deal were snowed under an avalanche of votes.

But there was one very significant situation in this election which has received but little attention. Throughout the country in this contest it was the New Deal against the old.

Out in California the situation was different. The election in that state was hectic in character. Bitter criticisms and dramatic orations added color and interest to this fervid campaign. And the results of the election in this state should be a source of an unlimited amount of satisfaction to every citizen in this country who believes in stable constitutional government.

And although with the exception of California big majorities swept the New Deal into power throughout the country, nowhere else was there an educational campaign of the nature carried on with such fervor in that state.

There we had the New Deal in the person of Upton Sinclair, the Socialistic Democrat who believed in government ownership and government control of the most extreme character.

In the election throughout the nation but little attention was given to such problems. And almost anything was preferable to the old order which nearly sent us on the way to destruction during the latter part of the Hoover administration.

Naturally the majorities went to the New Deal. But the New Deal as represented by Sinclair, with government ownership and control, was defeated by a big margin.

Let us hope that the lesson of the California election will sink deeply into the hearts and minds of the national leaders of all parties.

The people of this country do not want government ownership; they do not want the government in control outside of its natural sphere of lawmaking and law enforcement. For, as we all well know, such a procedure may turn the business affairs of the country over to politicians.

The details of such a possibility, when conveyed with such startling distinctness to the California voters, turned the tide of the election in favor of the Republican candidate. And it will be freely admitted by most California citizens that if the election had occurred immediately after the nomination of Sinclair he would have won by a huge majority. The voters were convinced that constitutional government as prescribed by our forefathers should be firmly maintained.

It was definitely pointed out in this California election that government was not necessarily all-wise; that government officials have human traits which make them good, bad, or indifferent; that they are no better than the average citizen, and when they are selected from the political grab bag they are sometimes far worse.

This country owes Upton Sinclair a debt of gratitude which it can never repay for giving our national political leaders an opportunity to see what can happen in an election when government ownership is fervidly advocated.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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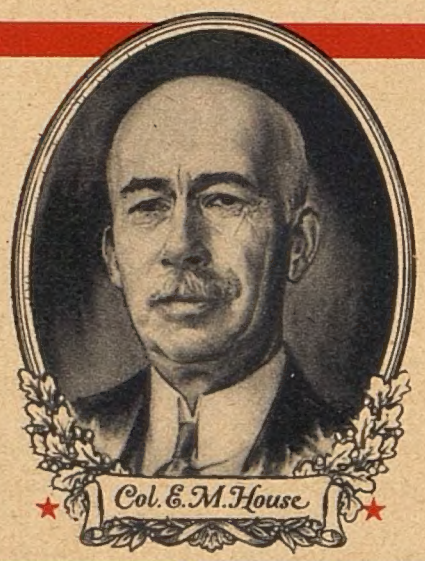
Is ENGLAND Forming An Alliance With JAPAN

A Warning of New Peril in the Pacific and New Storm Clouds Over Europe

by Col. EDWARD M. HOUSE

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Colonel House has become Liberty's contributing editor for foreign affairs. His articles on international questions will appear monthly during 1935. His great prestige and unequaled inside knowledge of world problems make him an invaluable acquisition to Liberty's editorial staff.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The first World War started in Europe; the second may start in Asia. The United States was drawn into the first; we may be a main antagonist from the beginning of the second. Before the Great War, Woodrow Wilson sent Edward Mandell House to Europe to prevent the conflagration. The Kaiser said to George Sylvester Viereck, in an interview recorded in Liberty, that "Colonel House almost prevented the World War." Unfortunately, events moved faster than the chancelleries of Europe. Today Colonel House discerns war clouds over the Pacific and the menace to the United States of an Anglo-Japanese alliance. Of special importance in this connection is the wave of ill feeling in Great Britain against the United States noted by Colonel House.

BEFORE the World War, Great Britain was the ally of Japan. Subsequently she dissolved this partnership as the price of American friendship. Today powerful forces at work in Europe and Asia may make the resumption of the Anglo-Japanese entente, in one form or another, inevitable. There are storm clouds over Europe and storm clouds over the Pacific.

There is a possibility that the two storms may meet. Japan has withdrawn from the League of Nations to have a free hand in Asia. Germany has severed her connections with Geneva to have a free hand in Europe. Both see eye to eye with regard to the League's latest recruit, Russia. Many believe that there has been a *rapprochement* between Germany and Japan. This is not possible. Japan's interests are better served by the revival of her old understanding with Great Britain. The possibility of such an understanding is the crux of the Far Eastern question so far as the United States is concerned.

One factor in this situation not favorable to the United States is the feeling of antagonism in England toward us. Never have we been so disliked. Rightly or wrongly, we are charged with not keeping promises. Many instances are cited to prove this assertion, but that is another story and need not be gone into here.

In spite of this resentment, the British would much prefer an understanding with the United States concerning the Far East to any agreement with Japan, but such an understanding does not seem possible at this juncture, since we cannot or will not make any promises to Great Britain. If the British government cannot come to a satisfactory understanding with us, Great Britain will undoubtedly maintain friendly relations with Japan, even at the cost of our resentment. If Great Britain turns to Japan, she will go counter to the grain of the powerful Dominion of Canada. On the other hand, Australia and New Zealand will be compelled to acquiesce since the move would be made almost wholly for their protection.

These are facts, not theories, confronting us, and it will be well for the American people as a whole to understand them. Furthermore, it is not a problem that may face us in the distant future, but one that may soon press upon us.

A substantial part of the citizens of the United States take but little interest in foreign affairs, feeling (in spite of the lesson of the World War) that what happens in Europe or in the Far East is no concern of ours. The thousands of miles of ocean on either side of us seem to them an effective barrier. They do not realize that a country so large, so rich in natural resources, so potential in wealth, in mechanical and agricultural production, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions, cannot isolate itself.

We may wish and may consider it good policy to hold ourselves aloof from the balance of the world, but the governments of other great nations, no matter how far distant, see in us a possible menace. Or, again, they may see an especial advantage both to themselves and to us in keeping in close and friendly contact. Do what we will, try as hard as we may, we cannot get from under the re-

sponsibility of holding the foremost place among the nations of this turbulent and militant planet. Conditions are constantly arising that seem to the man in the street of no consequence but which may involve us in serious international difficulties.

To a close observer, and one with an understanding of the situation as it exists today, it appears that the United States, intentionally or otherwise, might become involved in the intrigues and policies between other world powers in which we are properly taking no part.

No one can foretell to what extent the actions of Japan may affect our destiny. Japan has embarked on what seems to be an ambitious program of imperial influence and expansion. Those in control of the government apparently believe that the time is opportune to secure such natural resources as they lack and which are necessary if they are to hold their place among the great powers. Whether justified or not, they are seeking these resources in the near-by continent of Asia. In order to maintain this policy the Japanese government doubtless believes that an expansion of the navy is essential.

A departure from the established ratio of 5-5-3 brings Japan in conflict with Great Britain and the United States and opens a wide field of speculation. With Germany in her present mood, and with the militant spirit running high on the Continent, Great Britain necessarily must hold the major portion of her fleet in European waters. The United States likewise must have the larger part of her ships of war in the western Atlantic. Japan centers her entire naval strength in home waters. With a 5-5-5 ratio, which Japan now demands, or even with a ratio of 5-5-4, Japan will be much stronger in the Far East than either the United States or Great Britain. The Japanese leaders favor an aggressive naval policy and believe that there could be no more opportune moment to carry it out than at present. This is true and for reasons which are apparent.

The people of Great Britain are insistent on peace. In almost no circumstances would they be willing to go to war. The government knows this and is conducting foreign affairs accordingly. The people of the United States are equally bent on peace. Popular as President Roosevelt is, it is doubtful whether he could involve us in war unless to prevent invasion. Not only Great Britain and the United States but practically the entire world is alive to the horrors of war. Peace is the universal demand. Riots and revolutions may spring up in any country—even here—but the danger of war between white nations is exceedingly remote. The people will not countenance it.

WHILE a majority of the Japanese probably are for peace, Japan is almost the only country where the government could wage war without consulting the wishes of the people. The government controls munitions for war and would not have to seek legislative sanction to obtain them. Those in authority know that it would be well-nigh impossible for Great Britain or the United States to check any militant move by Japan. Such a move, if it seemed hostile to American interests, might raise the ire of our people, but outside the Pacific coast states there would be no demand for war unless we were threatened by actual invasion. No one knows this better than those in charge of Japanese affairs, and it is possible that they may take advantage of it.

A few months ago it looked as if the Japanese would attack Russia. There are certain things they desire, and they are not in the least afraid of this gigantic potential enemy. All the talk about Russia's millions trained and ready for war did not alarm the Japanese. They knew such talk was nonsense, given out as propaganda. No army that Russia could place in Siberia would be a match for the Japanese army it would meet there. There are no better soldiers in the world than the Japanese of today —courageous, well trained, well equipped.

The thought that may have deterred the Japanese from moving against Russia was of President Roosevelt's recognition of Russia. That nation had no money and no adequate munitions; a possible reservoir was opened up to her. While it is not probable that the United States would have furnished her with either, still it may have caused the Japanese to pause. In any event, it was a wise move for the President to make. But our recognition of Russia will not in the long run check Japan's ambitions. They can be arrested only by a common front between the United States and Great Britain in the Far East.

While our interests and those of Great Britain run parallel for some distance, there is a point where they separate. If we carry out our promise to give up the Philippine Islands, we move our borders in the Pacific much nearer home. But the farther America withdraws westward, the more serious the situation becomes for Great Britain. Instead of having a large part of our fleet to count on, she would have to contend with Japan alone. France and Italy would not help materially even if they were so inclined, for, like Great Britain, they feel that every ounce of strength, military and naval, should be available in Europe in the event of need.

When Japan poses her demand for naval equality with the United States and Great Britain, the question will arise: "How far will Great Britain back Japan, and how far will the United States oppose Japanese demands?" In ordinary times there would be but little question that Great Britain would link shields with us. But these are not ordinary times. Of necessity Great Britain and the United States must take cognizance of a peace sentiment dominating both countries. Neither would like to make a threat that could not be backed by force. Japan would have to take extreme measures before the United States or Great Britain would call upon her to modify her demands.

THERE are recent indications that more moderate counsels are making themselves felt in Japan. Some of the leaders know that the present policy is not in harmony with the times, and are urging caution. One of these, Yosuke Matsuoka, is as wise and experienced a statesman and diplomat as can be found in any country. While not at present actually in power, his influence is great. He desires his country to have what is her due as the dominant factor in Far Eastern affairs, but he has none of the fanaticism that causes a nation to go beyond the limits of prudence. Prince Konoyé, president of the House of Peers and closely connected with the royal family, is another moderate counselor.

Nevertheless, the possibility of a clash exists. The more we disinterest ourselves as to the Far East, the more we drive Great Britain into the arms of Japan. A situation may arise in which we may have to face Japan alone without the benefit of the British navy. Even if there should be no actual conflict, we would be compelled to engage in an expensive and perilous race of armaments with our neighbor on the Pacific. Unless the United States can make some gesture harmonizing her interests with those of Great Britain in the Far East it is probable that Great Britain, for the moment at least, will of necessity work with Japan. Great Britain does not like to be placed in such a predicament. Her present anxiety has been precipitated by Germany's militant activities on the one hand, and by the proposal of the United States to abandon the Philippines on the other. Our announced purpose of abandoning the Far East and leaving the British to cope with the situation alone is a matter of concern to British statesmen.

It will be up to us to make the next move. The situation requires hard thinking and quick action. There is one course of action which may forestall developments unfavorable to the United States in the Far East. It may be that if the islands are given back to the Philippine people, we might reserve the right to fortify them should we desire to do so. It is possible that such action would cause the British to give up the thought of an understanding with Japan. Probably the Philippine people would not object to our retaining the right to fortify the islands, since it would be to their interest for us to do so.

We would be committing ourselves to nothing. There would be no promise to fortify, merely the reservation of the right to do so if it seemed wise. To this the most ardent advocate of isolation could not object. It may be the one way out of the present dilemma.

THE END

The Five Stranglers

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

A Bizarre, Colorful Tale of Love, Gold, and Murder in the Mystic South Sea Isles

Lind shivered a little and caught back a sob. "Harry," she whispered, "is he dead? What is it?"

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT was very quiet there on the beach of Nor-West Island. Planes, motors, radios were a thousand miles away.

On the beach the small waves of the lagoon went creaming like spilled soda water with a tiny hiss. Across the lake of green and opal shallows slowly, rhythmically came the bursting fall of breakers on the reef.

The solitary person who was sitting on the beach was quietest of all. If you or I had carelessly passed by her (but we should not have done that) she would not have looked at us. She had not stirred while moons came up and set; while they grew dark and waxed and waned again. Her shining bones, held fast in the net of climbing convolvulus, grew whiter week by week; the round small head that lay on her knees, as if set there for a jest, shone like an ivory ball. On her fingers there had been

rings; they lay in the sand beside her, sparkling to the sky.

She seemed to be waiting. . . .

Across a sea of platinum and pale blue the ketch came slowly in, her out-of-date little engine painfully throbbing, threatening each moment to stop. They had been a long time coming up from Samarai, Harry Kane, George Filson, Dorothy, Filson's wife, and Lind, who was Dorothy's sister. The ketch was old; she was run by a native crew. She was a cheap charter; but even so, she had cost almost more than they could afford after paying their fares from Sydney to Papua. Because it happened that George and Dorothy and Lind and Harry were all practically "broke."

The place to which they were going, a deserted coconut plantation on Nor-West, belonged to Harry. It had made no money for the past few years; it had been rented on speculation by a couple from the mainland, but when they both died of fever within a few months, nobody took their place.

Harry, out of a job in Sydney, longing, as he had longed for years, to get back to the islands, even if there was nothing more than a bare living in it, made a sporting proposal to his three friends. Let them pool their small funds, take passage to Samarai and thence go to Nor-West.

They could live in the old house. They could grow their food and catch fish. They wouldn't be cold or hungry, and they could wear any sort of clothes that covered them—the less the better.

FEVER? No; the Finches must have brought it with them—as landladies say. They'd lived for years on the worst part of the Papuan mainland, come to Nor-West fairly soaked with malaria. The island itself was healthy. Natives? Practically none. Nor-West was a smallish island, infertile, except about the spot where the plantation had been made. Two or three of Finch's boys were camped somewhere on the far side. Maybe they'd come and work for the camping party.

Young, all of them, adventurous, longing almost as much as Harry (but not quite, for Harry had been born and lived as a boy among the islands off New Guinea) for the warmth, the freedom, the adventure of South Sea life. Sick with the fear of a never-before-thought-of dole that haunts the hearts of people suddenly grown poor, the friends accepted joyously.

Kane, remembering hour by hour more of the life that he had left behind; understanding, as none of his passengers could understand, the sinister side of all this New Guinea beauty and wonder, was the first to see the little white figure sitting on the beach, and recognize it for what it was. And that was something more than George and Dorothy and Lind recognized, even while they cried out in amazement and horror at the sight, landing from the ketch's dinghy and stopping to stare with wide dismayed eyes at the sole occupant of Nor-West beach.

The light of his torch had fallen on th

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

"What is it? What's happened? Shall we be killed if we go ashore?" Dorothy demanded, more in anger than fear. You would have thought that Kane was her Cook's conductor and she a discontented tourist. Dorothy was a beauty—what former generations used to call a "raving, tearing beauty," though she never raved nor tore; only caused most men she knew to rave and to tear their hair over her, if not their hearts. And, like most beauties, she knew her value.

George had had a hard time with her since he lost his accountant's place.

Now she was addressing in cool anger—Dorothy never grew hot; she left that to her admirers—Harry Kane, this long, thin, herringy fellow who hadn't a good point about him except his extremely blue small eyes, set like turquoise beads in the brown of his face.

Lind, smallish, dark, vital, silent, stood in her flannel slacks with feet apart as if she were still on the plunging ketch, and smoked a cigarette. She said nothing.

bed where Dorothy lay writhing in agony. The packet was broken, and its shining contents scattered.

George Filson said, " I say, you know—look here—this really isn't—"

They are all blaming me, thought Kane; all but that little sport of a Lind. And maybe she is too. You never know what she thinks. She is unnaturally silent for a girl. He did not know Lind very well; the others were older friends.

HE told them, " Don't worry. It's only that poor little Mrs. Finch. When people have fever very badly, they sometimes go off their heads, jump out of bed, and try to get into the nearest water." And that's true, he thought; only—only—I don't believe it.

" Leave her there," he said, " and I'll see to burying it by and by."

Dorothy suggested, " Hadn't I better take care of the rings? " and scraped them toward her with her shoe.

Rather silently, for all their pleasure in touching land at last, they made their way together up to the bungalow. The path went steeply upward; every now and then they paused to rest and look about them; and in the silence that suddenly fell, the voice of the Pacific, the long reveille of the reef, spoke heavily, monotonously below.

" It doesn't care," said Lind, halting to look and listen.

" Care? " Dorothy repeated. " What queer things you do say sometimes! "

Filson said, " Somehow, you know, I feel as if something had been chasing us, and as if we'd got away from it at last."

Dorothy, posed like the girl-on-a-magazine-cover who has replaced the chocolate-box girl in the affections of youth (and indeed she was very like the girl-on-a-magazine), looked about her and, as stupid people sometimes can, said the wisest thing of all:

" I wonder what it'll do to us? "

Then they came in sight of the bungalow, red-roofed, drowned in flowers, a wreck, but a wreck that could with very little care be made habitable again. And it was cool and pleasant there, and everywhere there was the sense of a great peace. It seemed to Filson, sore with a hundred humiliations, to Dorothy, anxious to hide her head where no rich acquaintances could find her until the world came right side up again, that here at last there would be refuge and escape.

But Lind looked at the face of Harry Kane and wondered. Kane, glancing sidewise, caught her eye. She had long eyes, amber-brown, shaded by heavy lashes; her mouth was firm and small. Long eyes—sees everything, he thought. Little mouth; keeps quiet about what she sees.

He was not sure, even yet, that there was anything to keep quiet about. He might be mistaken in what he thought. And anyhow, the ketch would be leaving again with its native crew tonight; the die was cast.

A friar bird in the coconut tops called suddenly, "Oh, do be quick now! Oh, do be quick now! Oh, do—"

Right, said Harry to himself. We stay.

It was astonishing, even to Kane himself, how quickly he slipped back into the island life. Even if the place had gone to the devil because of the copra slump, nothing, not even another war, could take away one's food and one's roof out here upon Nor-West. And what else was there that really mattered?

Girls? He had never married in Sydney. It took all a man's time, all his freedom, just to secure a roof and a place to sleep. Here on Nor-West it was different. Was Lind the girl at last? He did not know.

Dorothy, the beauty, seemed to be temperamental; sulked because there was housework to do; because none of the few surviving natives of Nor-West cared to come over to the bungalow and cook and sweep for them. Kane did the gardening. George did nothing at all that he could help. They had potatoes, fish, fruit in plenty. And the days went by.

KANE woke up.

It was the danger hour of savage countries; the moment that comes when "dawn's left hand is in the sky": night not dead, and day not born. Kane knew it well; he was too good an islander to sleep quite soundly at that hour, even after many years away.

There was nothing. Nothing whatever. He told himself this, sat up on his mat, and listened again.

Nothing but the faint pattering of dawn wind in the palms and the beat of the reef at sea.

Go to sleep again, you fool, Kane told himself, and immediately got up and slipped, noiseless, barefoot, into Lind's room. He listened. She was breathing quietly; she slept. Out again; down the veranda. Blast those boards, how they creaked! He was a fool to think that any one could—

Into the room of Dorothy and Filson. Still. Listen.

That's Dorothy; she snores a little. One can't hear Filson for the rustling sound of it. Now she's quiet. Filson—can't hear him yet. Whisper—"Jack!" No answer. Quiet, quiet; up to the bed; make sure he isn't there; she's sleeping like the dead—

If Filson woke and caught him, what'd he think? Dorothy is a devil; she would make any man look at her once too often with those half-shut eyes of hers. . . . If he found Filson's place, warm, empty . . .

He is there. He is lying quite still, and one can't hear him breathe. He doesn't feel one's exploring hand. He is not—very—warm . . .

Kane found himself, hardly knowing how he had got there, at the threshold of Lind's room—beside her bed. He flashed the torch on her face. She woke instantly and did not scream.

"Come with me," he whispered. "There's something wrong. I want you to help me to get Filson out of his bed, and carry him away, without make a noise."

"Yes," she said; and that was all. In her pyjamas, barefoot, she followed. Kane had put out the light. He said, "Does she sleep soundly?"

"Like a pig," Lind answered him; the first time he had heard her say anything sharp about her sister, whom he thought she did not much love.

"Take the feet," he said, "and move as quietly as you can."

Filson was—not warm. Growing colder. They laid him on the living-room floor, and Kane turned on the torch. Filson was dead, and there were marks about his neck showing that he had been strangled in his sleep; strangled so efficiently and quietly that Dorothy, by his side, had simply gone on sleeping.

Lind shivered a little and caught back a sob. "Harry," she whispered, "is he dead? What is it?"

Kane was staring hard at the bruised throat. "They can take the pigeons off the trees at night," she heard him say, as if to himself. "They can strangle one by the side of its mate, and take the mate after. They can."

"Who? Why?" she asked. He looked at her as if he saw for the first time the firm slimness of her in her night attire, the orange glow of the torch on her tangled curls.

"You're prettier than Dorothy but not so beautiful," he said. He seemed to be thinking.

Dorothy—that powerfully made, hot-tempered woman. She didn't care a bean about George Filson. God knew why she had married him. Dorothy—with her half-shut eyes, her vagrant fancies. The loneliness of Nor-West, the isolation of these four people. . . .

"Island's a hundred miles off and more," Lind heard him saying to himself. "And then—why?"

"What island? Where?"

"No island," he answered, attending to her at last. "It's impossible. But so is anything else—I believe!"

She did not understand, but something in his tone seemed to have offended her. She drew away. "I must go to Dorothy," she said. "It will break her heart, poor darling."

"Tell her," he said, "that Jack died in a fit in his sleep. I'll go and bury him before she has a chance of asking to see him."

It was strange how little difference the death of Filson seemed to make only a week or so after he had been laid beneath the flowering mango trees.

There were other things to think of. The peace of the island was flawed like a broken mirror; the safety of it was a dream. If Dorothy really had not chosen to rid herself of her husband, as Kane almost thought she had (and the morbid interest lent to her by that idea seemed to add, somehow, to her unholy charm), then some one else had done it, and that some one might do a similar thing again.

Nobody knew for certain that the Finches had died of fever. Nobody, again, knew that they hadn't; the use that had been made of Mrs. Finch's skeleton was no proof. "Keep away," it had warned all and sundry in native language—if it had been put there.

IT was all a puzzle; but this much stood out: that one had better be careful. So Kane advised the women to sleep together, and closed their room at night, regardless of heat. For himself, he was content to follow the old island way of constantly changing his sleeping places, like a dog that couches in the bush and defeats its enemies by shifting from lair to lair.

He visited the small native village on the far side of the island, where a score or so of Nor-West people lived by fishing and by gardening. He was kindly received, with perhaps a little reserve; but that might be due, he thought, to the presence of half a dozen boys who were certainly runaways; not Nor-West people; they looked like Tagalas, and he'd make a bet they had run from some of the Misima or Woodlark mines and were afraid to go home. The natives hated mine work.

Well, that was no business of his; those five beggars who edged away from him, seemed to like the shade better than the sun when he approached, were welcome to stop as long as they liked . . . Five . . .

What was there in that number that woke up a warning bell in his brain? Some foolish island superstition, no doubt.

With the help of Lind he conducted an intensive search of the grounds and gardens near the house. He had an idea that some wandering native who had a grudge against Finch might have landed in the night and attacked the man he thought to be the plantation manager.

Meantime Lind—it seemed—began to grow shy of him; and Dorothy—

No mistake about it. Dorothy all of a sudden had turned about and was making love to him. And excellently she did it. This woman, when she chose, could swing her whole personality into a word, a trivial act; with a single look or touch she could make you forget the rest of the world, see nothing, think of nothing but Dorothy,

No mistake about it. Dorothy all of a sudden had turned and was making love to him. And excellently she did it.

Dorothy. Sitting in a long chair, and hardly speaking, she overcame you as if she had her arms about your neck.

She drowned your power of thought. She made you forget Lind, that shining slender girl; she put her out, as an electric light puts out a candle.

And all the time there was the constant doubt in Kane's mind—did she do it?

Lind came to him one evening, as she seldom came now, and bluntly asked him if he knew where Dorothy was.

"No," he answered her.

"Neither do I. I wonder is it safe for her to go off wandering alone every afternoon as she does?"

Kane was alert. "Where does she go?"

"Down into that valley where she and George used to walk when we first came. If I offer to go with her, she says she'd rather be by herself."

"Is she—fretting or anything after George?"

"I do not think," Lind said dryly, "that she's fretting—after George. But she does seem to have something on her mind."

"How do you know?"

"Well—she laughs and talks—in her sleep."

Kane would not ask, and Lind would not say, what it was that Dorothy talked about. But a sudden flush on the cheek of the girl set him guessing. "I wonder—if she does?" he thought, and felt the red steal into his own face.

Lind went on: "She comes back tired out, and sometimes all muddy, as if she'd been walking in the stream. It's a long way from the house. I think, maybe—"

Kane understood. "Yes, I think so too. I'll see to it. Thanks, Lind. You're a darling girl."

She did not flush at that; she just looked at him with level eyes before, silently, she turned and left the room.

Dorothy wandering by herself half a mile from the house. Dorothy with something on her mind. Talking . . .

It was late afternoon; he might find her there if he went. Of course he would have to warn her.

The valley lay low down near the shore, just at the mouth of the stream that cut this valley near the boat landing place where they had found the pitiful skeleton of little Mrs. Finch. Nothing in that, of course, but still, it was no pleasant association.

IF Kane had hoped for a romantic rendezvous, he was disappointed. Dorothy, as he approached from one side of the valley, was already climbing the other, on her way home. Whatever the attraction might be that linked her to the thickets and the stream, it was over for the day, and he none the wiser.

He would have caught her up but for an incident that made him for the moment almost forget her altogether. There were five native men down in the valley, walking together with a creeping, soundless step, and they seemed to have only that moment emerged from one of the thickets.

On of them had a small bow and arrow in his hand and seemed intent on stalking. The others, Kane judged, were acting as beaters. No harm in it. "Black peril," in these islands, was unknown.

Nevertheless, the thought of that significant number—five—leaped into his mind again. He could not remember what it stood for, and yet he felt sure that he ought to remember; that the matter was, somehow or other, vital.

"I'll talk to her tonight," he thought. "I'll put it straight to her. We shouldn't have kept things back."

But when he reached the bungalow, Dorothy was not visible; and later, Lind told him that her sister was alone in the bedroom, with the door locked, and wouldn't come out.

"She takes odd fits sometimes," Lind commented. "I would leave her alone, if I were you, till she comes around."

"You'll stay with her tonight?"

"Of course. And lock the door, as you told us to do."

Again that night, near dawn, Kane suddenly waked with a sense of impending trouble strong upon him. This time he wasted no moments arguing with himself. He got up at once and went to the girls' room. The door was locked, and everything seemed quiet. He had heard no noise across the partition that, island fashion, divided the rooms, leaving the roof open over all; and nobody had called. But now he did hear a noise: a sound as of something sliding, very lightly, down the wall into his own room.

Resisting an impulse to rush back into his room, he battered on the door. Lind came to open it. "What's the matter?" she asked, and then cried suddenly, "Oh!"

The light of his torch had fallen on the big double bed where Dorothy lay writhing in apparent agony, her hands about her throat. On her wrists and on her ankles were red angry marks. The bedclothes had been little disturbed, but the pillow had fallen to the floor, carrying with it a paper packet that seemed to have been hidden underneath.

The packet was broken, and its shining contents were scattered across the boards.

"Get her out into the air," Kane said, dashing water from the bedroom jug upon her face. "She's only fainted. They haven't done for her. Do you mean to say you never heard or felt—"

"I got up," Lind said. "I—I thought I heard a very little noise, like something sliding down the wall, and I thought it might be a snake, but the torch had fallen down somewhere, and I—I—"

They were half carrying, half supporting Dorothy into the fresher air of the veranda. Kane swiftly slipped back into his own room; found it, as he expected, empty; took a loaded revolver from the drawer of the table, and rejoined the women.

"I'll tell you," he said to Lind, "what you heard sliding down the wall. It was five men. Five Yela men. A strangling team. I ought to be hanged for not remembering—before."

GEORGE—he remembered that he hadn't seen George's wrists and ankles—they were covered by the pyjama sleeves and legs. But he would have sworn now that they had been bruised, like Dorothy's. Oh, he remembered! The Yela strangling teams from the island where the three hundred shipwrecked Chinamen had been captured and devoured in the fifties of last century. That island where murder was an art and cannibalism not yet extinct.

Where the natives could strangle a bird on a tree beside its mate; where they could steal on a sleeping man in the midst of a crowd of other sleepers, the strangling team of five, and, one at each leg and arm, one at the throat, squeeze the life out of him in utter silence.

The runaway boys—from the gold-mine islands of Misima and Woodlark—they hadn't been Tagalas; they were from Tagala's famous, infamous neighbor, Rossel, otherwise known as Yela. And one by one they had been picking off the whites of Nor-West Island as they picked off pigeons for a feast from the boughs of a midnight tree. Finch—Mrs. Finch—George Filson—now Dorothy—

Well, they hadn't got her after all, thanks to him, though he had been only just in time. She was better, sitting upon the floor, sobbing and staring about her. "What was it?" she demanded. "Something caught me—"

Lind knelt beside her, soothing. "You're all right, dear. You're safe. It was a native who tried to kill you, but we'll take good care—"

She paused. Kane was gone. No sign of him on the veranda, in the house. But from far off, away down in the valley, came the sound of a shot and a scream. Another shot; no cry. And another.

When he came back he put away the revolver, said nothing. But the women knew that henceforth they would be safe.

Lind was still puzzled; she could not understand what had happened. The day that followed did little to enlighten her. Kane, who had been ready to kiss the very ground on which Dorothy walked, now seemed to avoid her.

And Dorothy, after one or two efforts to attract his attention, lapsed into sulkiness.

The mirror of peace was shattered indeed; the lovely island was paradise no more. And yet—it could have been so perfect for two who loved each other! Lind knew, now, that she cared for the island life, even as Kane cared for it.

But Dorothy—

Dorothy, in one of her sudden furious outbreaks, told everybody what she liked and didn't like. A schooner had been unexpectedly sighted, and Kane and Lind were busy writing letters and making preparation for possible guests when Dorothy burst out of her room. "I've been packing up," she said. "I'm going. I wouldn't stay in this horrible place for a ton of gold—or for any cold-blooded fish of a man that owns it!"

"Gold?" cried Lind, amazed.

KANE, putting down his pen, remarked, "I didn't want you to tell."

"Tell who? What?" she demanded, breathing hard.

"Tell Lind that Finch discovered gold here—I found that out when you spilled the parcel of nuggets on the floor. And that the Nor-West people didn't like it, and that they employed the Yela men to get rid of Finch and Mrs. Finch, and your unlucky husband, and any one else they could get hold of who came to settle here. Wanted the island to themselves, I reckon; knew, poor cows, what gold mining would do to it—had been on Woodlark and Misima, you see. One could almost sympathize with them—"

"Why," she demanded, "did you not want me to tell Lind?"

"Because," he said, "I've a prejudice against being married, if there's marrying, for what I'm supposed to have."

She did not flush. "What do you mean by 'supposed'?"

"The laws," he said evenly, "don't happen to give the gold to the owner of the land. They give the discoverer a reward claim, ten times that of any one else. To me they give just what I can find in the area of one ordinary claim. And Nor-West generally they give to the devil. So that's that."

"I have ten times what you have?" she asked, eyes glittering.

"You have."

"Then," she said cheerfully, "you may go to the devil yourself. Where's Lind? I want her to help me with my packing."

Lind was in the sitting room, looking very hard at something on the wall. How much she had heard—when she had slipped away—Kane did not know; nor did she ever tell him. Her hand was on the huge map of the New Guinea territories, where, spread like stars in the Milky Way of heaven, lay islands upon islands, hundreds, thousands; and all about the long tail of Papua, and the indented coasts of the mandated territory, and the great block of the unknown Dutch side.

"Look," she said, "there's no end to them. One could go on and on."

"We could," he said, his chin bent down, touching her shoulder.

She did not answer him, but he heard her saying something to herself:

"Leagues and leagues onward though the last league be,
Beyond the very last league there is still more sea."

And, as if unconsciously, her hand slipped into his.

THE END

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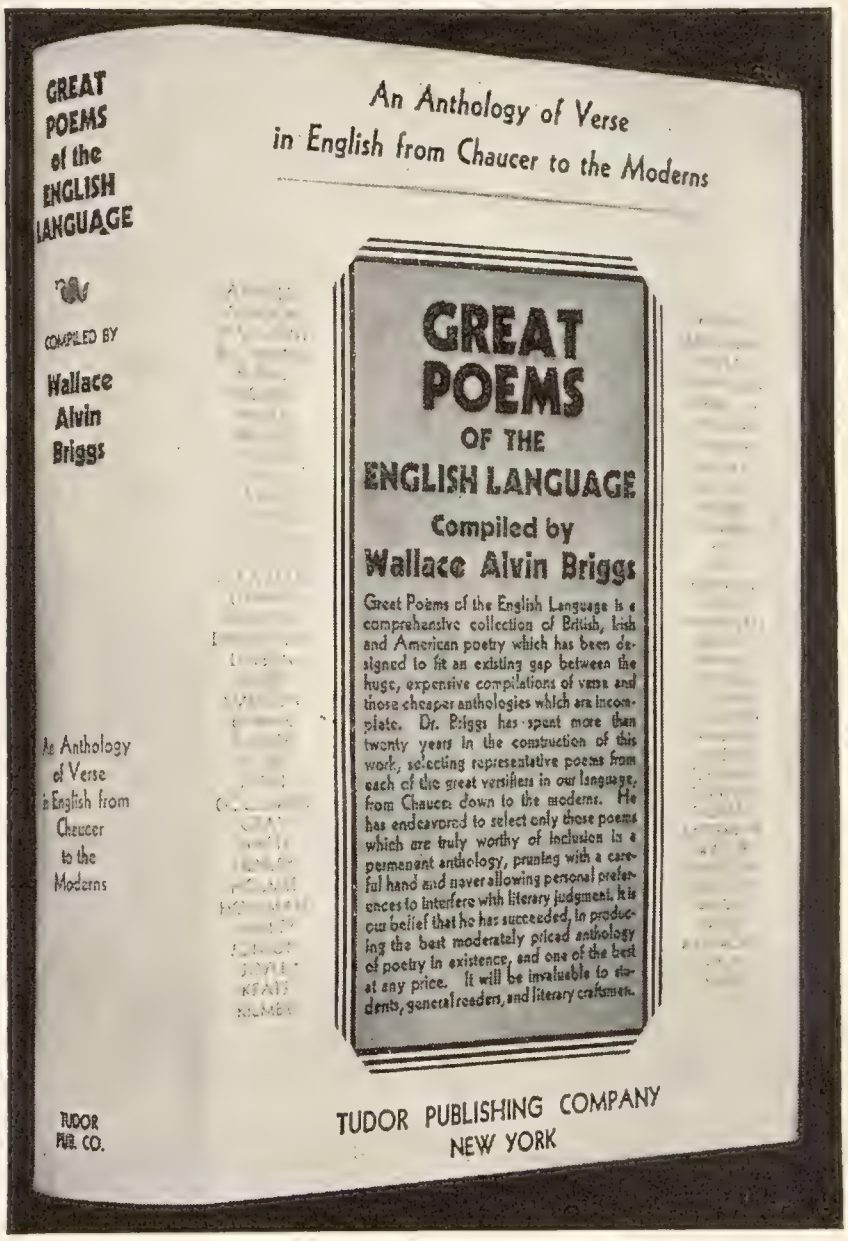
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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF Jimmy Durante

by

CLARA BERANGER

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How a Bowery Urchin Followed His Nose to Fame and Fortune and Happiness—and the Inside Story of How Two Women Helped Him

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

FROM lather boy in a New York barber shop to ace comedian in Hollywood.

From piano pounder in a squalid Bowery beer joint to entertainer in a silk-lined Broadway night club.

Along a path slippery with wine, lined with women, lightened with song, traveled the man with the big nose, Jimmy Durante, called variously Ragtime Jimmy, Jimmy the Well Dressed Man, Schnozzle, and Schnozzola (which according to Jimmy himself means a schnozzle with musical and snoring attachments).

It is a strange Horatio Alger tale that could not have happened anywhere else but in America.

Boyhood in the toughest, most hard-boiled neighborhood of New York's East Side. Gangs and ward wars. Bleeding noses, blackened eyes, bruised bodies. Swims stolen in the fish-tainted water off Fulton Market.

At fourteen playing the piano in a Bowery dive.

At fifteen, a Coney Island honky-tonk with blaring bands and brazen women.

Down to Chinatown in a "club," dim, depraved.

Across the bridge to a torrid café in Brooklyn, a hang-out for gangsters and thieves.

Back again to New York. Harlem this time, with primitive music and rhythmic bare brown bodies.

And at last the Great White Way.

A muddy road, this night-club route, hedged with folly and sin. Yet the amiable little Italian with clear gray eyes, sparse brown hair, bulging Adam's apple, and red-brown nose by actual measurement six inches long, walked through the grime and filth and mud and came out clean. He beat the life out of pianos, he murdered the king's English, he laughed and joked and wise-cracked. But he dodged folly and steered clear of vice.

Why? Because of two women—his mother and his wife.

"Sometimes I wonder why I never went bad," Jimmy said to me in one of his rare serious moments. "I was such a kid. And I saw about the worst there is in life. I rubbed elbows with the hardest, most immoral elements of humanity. But they never seemed to touch me. I guess it was on account of my folks. I used to come back to the house after a night in one of those dives, eat my breakfast with the family, go to bed, and forget all about it."

Money was scarce, children were plentiful in the Catharine Street home of the Durante family. Barthelmu, the father, was a barber.

" I can trace my ancestry back to Christopher Columbus through an unbroken line of barbers," Jimmy laughs.

Barthelmu Durante had no great ambitions. He was an honest hard-working man and he asked nothing more for his sons. They all worked in his shop at one time or another, Michael and Albert and Jimmy, although not one of them remained permanently. Jimmy, the youngest, was put to work lathering customers when he was ten. He might possibly have gone on with the trade had not his mother, her Italian soul straining for the beauty of music, forced him to study the piano.

" Only sissies play the piano," Jimmy protested. But one of the regular customers, later to become famous, said to him, " You learn to play, kid. I wish I had." Jimmy had respect for Al Smith, and if Al thought it was O. K. for a boy to pound the ivories—why, maybe it was.

Rosa Durante had a hard time with her youngest son. He was such a crazy kid, always getting into fights, tearing his clothes, making all kinds of trouble for her. Soft-voiced, gentle in manner, she nevertheless ruled her family with an iron hand. She literally dragged Jimmy to the piano studio of " Perfessor " Foire. And there, alternately sullen and belligerent, Jimmy tapped out scales and stumbled through exercises.

" You know," he once said to me, " it took me a year to find out that I liked music. Then like lightning it came over me that I really did, and I began to sing."

After that the family, even Rosa herself, often wished that the kid would stop his noise. Morning, noon, and night the Durante flat echoed with the beat of Jimmy's hands on the keys and the lusty tones of his voice.

All at once Jimmy threw opera and classics overboard—learned to pour out his soul in ragtime.

Today his red-hot jazz, his idiotic lyrics are known all over the world and net him many thousands a year.

Yet nothing ever gave him a greater thrill than the first time he played for money in a lower East Side " club social." Two dollars he was paid, and he thought it easy money. Later he was to call the night-club racket " tough money."

Two-dollar bills picked up at night, even when amplified by odd coins earned selling newspapers, were not enough to relieve the strain on the family finances. Jimmy wanted a regular salary. He got a job as errand boy where his brother Michael worked as photo-engraver. He did well enough. Yet his heart wasn't in it.

" You just wait," he told Michael. " One of these days I'll be playin' in a jernt and the family will be proud of me."

He stuck at the photo-engraving shop for two years, making extra money by singing and playing at church festivals and socials—and sometimes in a Bowery " jernt."

ONE day a man he knew said to him, " Say, kid, they need a piano player over at Diamond Tony's at Coney Island. I believe you could land the job."

He couldn't get to see Tony fast enough.

From nine at night to six in the morning he played and sang in a crowded room thick with smoke, where waiters and women worked with the one idea of keeping booze flowing. He learned a lot about humanity in those early days. Gold-digging. Drunkenness. Prostitution. But Jimmy had seen too much raw life in the streets of the East Side to be shocked. Whatever he saw rolled off his shoulders. The Chatham Club, in the heart of Chinatown, was, if anything, a little worse than Coney Island. " Those Chinamen used to give me the creeps," Jimmy confesses. But he stayed on till police raided and closed the place. It was a job and steady money.

In Harlem he saw whites mingling with blacks. He shrugged his young shoulders—and kept on playing.

By now he was a full-fledged " perfessor of the piano." One more step, and he was to become the leader of his own band. But here he was diverted.

Substituting for a friend at the Alamo Cabaret at Broadway and 125th Street, he played the accompaniment for a new torch singer, Jeanne Olsen, a pretty young girl as serious about her work as he was about his. One night she broke down and wept.

" What's the matter? " Jimmy asked. " Is it a man? Tell me who he is and I'll smash him to bits."

" No," sobbed the girl; " it's you."

" What's the matter with me? "

" Either your playing's rotten or my singing is. I don't seem able to keep up with you."

She has been trying to keep up with him ever since.

Jimmy had never bothered about women. He was sensitive about his nose and thought girls only fell for handsome men. But here was a dame, " a good-looker who could sing like nobody's business," actually responding when he began to court her. It was a typical Broadway romance, played under bright lights to the tune of loud music and snappy wise cracks.

They were married in 1921. Jimmy took her out of the night-club racket and rented a little house in Flushing. And just as he used to go straight home to the little flat in Catharine Street, he now went straight home to Long Island.

Today in Hollywood he lives quietly in a small apartment with the girl he married thirteen years ago. With his huge salary he could, if he liked, buy the biggest kind of California mansion. But he doesn't like. He never went Broadway and he'll never go Hollywood. He has inherited the Italian simplicity of his parents. Outwardly he is a cosmopolite, a swaggering citizen of the world. At heart he is still an East Side boy.

" What would I do with a great big house? " he said to me. " I'd rattle around in it, slipping over waxed floors, bumping into furniture. Nix! Give me a cozy flat any day in the year! "

When other picture stars go to Palm Springs or Santa Barbara in their high-priced high-powered motor cars, or sail to Catalina in their luxurious yachts, Jimmy goes to a night club or a crowded café. He wants to be with people, to touch elbows with humanity. And that's the secret of his success on Broadway and in Hollywood. He wants to make people enjoy themselves. No antic is too crazy, no gag too silly, for him to try, if only he can bring a laugh.

JIMMY speaks of the Alamo as the connecting link for him between the Bowery and Broadway. When he finally found a spot in the heart of the White Way, it was as leader of a band. The black-sweatered piano player was now immaculate in dinner jacket and patent-leather shoes. He strutted the streets wondering how on earth he could spend the hundred and twenty-five dollars a week he was earning.

Three years later his salary was $3,000 a week!

Thousands slip through his fingers now as easily as hundreds did then. Jimmy admits he can never save. " I'm just a sentimental sucker, I guess," he told me. " I believe every sob story and hard-luck yarn I hear. And yet "—his voice took on a deeply sympathetic note—" I'd rather give help to a dozen guys who may not need it than pass up one who does."

When the Club Durante opened and Jimmy became a full-fledged night-club owner, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante were the main entertainers. Lou Clayton danced, Ed Jackson sang, and Jimmy played the piano and wisecracked. Never has Broadway witnessed such outbursts of idiocy, such rapid-fire wit, such delirious music.

Jimmy studied his customers. He figured out new pranks to amuse them. " You gotta keep 'em happy," he said. " They gotta laugh, make lots of noise, drink lots of wine, see plenty of pretty girls." He had learned too much about predatory men and loose women to stand for anything of that sort in his club. Girls, yes—to sing and dance and entertain. No more. Liquor certainly. Behind closed doors and iron grilles, as was the custom in those prohibition days. But what counted most was the fun, the fast tempo, the hot jazz.

Broadway took Jimmy to its hard-boiled heart. He had stormed and battered down its sophisticated wall with madcap music and scrambled sayings.

" Hot-cha," " So I ups to him," " You can't take it," " Am I mortified? " are only a few of the slang phrases he coined that caught on and swept the country. Language as well as music was now his stock in trade.

During those magnificently mad years between 1924

and 1928, when money and champagne flowed freely in the night clubs, Jimmy Durante became the most legended figure on Broadway. It was inevitable that theatrical producers and motion-picture executives should sit up and take notice.

At the Palace Theater, the target that all vaudeville actors shoot for, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante got the headline spot. Next, Ziegfeld put them into one of his musical comedies. During the whole run of the show they doubled between stage and night club, gaining in popularity, working hard, sleeping little.

At last Jimmy was what he had always wanted to be—an ace Broadway entertainer. Footlights, radio, screen—the story was the same. "Schnozzle" Durante "wowed" them with his funny songs and gags. He was riding the crest of the wave.

When he got an offer for a picture contract at a salary beyond his wildest imaginings, he refused to go to Hollywood unless his pals Clayton and Jackson could go with him. And he stuck it out till he got his way. Lou Clayton became his manager. Eddie Jackson couldn't stand the quiet of Hollywood and after six months returned to bright lights and night clubs.

Two incidents happened that perhaps more than anything else I know give the clue to the real Jimmy.

I was at a party in Hollywood given in honor of Lawrence Tibbett when he was working in a picture called The Cuban Love Song. Jimmy was in the picture and also a guest at the party.

Lawrence had promised to sing, but for some reason his accompanist failed to turn up. The hostess was devastated and Lawrence himself disappointed, because he just happened to be in a mood to sing.

Jimmy went over and spoke quietly: "Larry, if you're game to try it, I'll play your accompaniments."

"But I didn't bring music with me," Lawrence said.

"That's all right," answered Jimmy. "I know 'em all by heart."

And Jimmy did. Aria after aria he played, toning down his usual forceful touch to unbelievable gentleness as he followed every shade of Tibbett's singing.

When it was all over, we crowded around Larry with the usual congratulations and gushing.

Jimmy stood, one of a crowd paying homage to a great artist. It would have been so easy for him to have grabbed the limelight. He could have changed the whole color of the party by a single wise crack. "It's mutiny—that's what it is, mutiny. Am I boined up?"—and the long-nosed comic would have switched attention to himself. But he is far too generous to begrudge others adulation, far too Italian not to be an humble worshiper at the feet of a musical artist.

Nor is he ever jealous of rival comedians, even when they imitate him. "I should worry if they steal my spiel," he says. "I got 'em all beat by a nose, anyhow."

Because of his generosity, his sincerity and good-fellowship, Jimmy has friends from coast to coast. He has to spend most of his time now in Hollywood. But he loves Broadway best. "You know darn' well I can do without Broadway, but can Broadway do without me?" he boasted in a song. Yet in his heart he never wants to be far away from Forty-second Street.

Broadway has changed in the last six years. It no longer is the world's most glamorous thoroughfare. Night clubs with their cover charges went out with the depression. If there are any suckers left, they stay in hiding. But the Great White Way is still astir with life, radiant with light.

There is the same old tangle of traffic. Sidewalks still sway with the parade of humanity.

And it is the humanity that will always bring Jimmy Durante back to the street he calls home.

"It's a fake, it's a phony,
But it's my street—the heart of the world."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What ex-President of the United States died on the floor of the House?
2—What is a chrysochlore?
3—Where was the earliest settlement in Canada?
4—What is the difference between a person who is criminally insane and an insane criminal?
5—How many policewomen are there on the New York City police force?
6—What is the nickname for the United States postage stamp on which Andrew Jackson's portrait appears?
7—A trajectory is what?
8—What Canadian Prime Minister died in Windsor Castle after being sworn in as a Privy Councilor?
9—What do the initials *e.g.* mean?
10—Where was the original Ku-Klux Klan organized?
11—Who wrote "It takes a heap o' living in a house t' make it home"?
12—Who was the first Presidential candidate of the present Republican Party?
13—What name is shared in common by a male swan, a spider, a fish, a soft clam, and a thickset short-legged horse?
14—Chomo-lungma is what?
15—What is extemporaneous speaking?
16—What was the first commemorative United States postage stamp?
17—What is an expert in woods and their fibrous structure called?
18—What is the meaning of Valparaiso (Chile)?
19—A whisky jack is what?
20—Who wrote "Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast"?

(Answers will be found on page 28)

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He Bought Her Home and He Bought Her Horse. Will He Try to Buy Her Heart?—Life Moves Swiftly for the Sparkling Heroine of This Novel of Love and Riches

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

PAULA HARTLEY goes to Tolman-Granger & Co., bankers, to beg an extension on the mortgage on her father's mansion, Hartley Hall. She explains that her mare, Scatter Gold, is sure to win the Mantico Hunt Cup race, and with the money she can pay off at least part of the loan. Tolman is willing to grant the extension, but his junior partner, Richard Ainlee, vetoes it. Tolman protests, but the steely-eyed Ainlee reminds him that it is his brain, not Tolman's, that has made the firm what it is.

Ainlee goes to Meredith for the foreclosure sale. He had spent his poverty-stricken boyhood in the village, and he remembers bitterly how Paula's father, Major Hartley, contributed to that suffering. Paula, the major, her aunt, Sylvia Marsden, and John Barron, are there. Ainlee overhears Barron refer to his late father as "drunken Dick." He bids in the mansion and all its furnishings at the price of the mortgage, $105,000. Then, when the horses are auctioned off, he buys Paula's beloved mare, Scatter Gold.

Paula is astride the horse when the sale is made. Immediately Scatter Gold bolts, dashing wildly for a high stone wall. The crowd shrieks and groans as the horse strikes the top and disappears with Paula on the other side.

PART TWO—THE WINDLE GIRL

BEHIND the crowd Ainlee moved with a leisurely step and was the last of all to climb the wall and look down on the picture beneath him. If the girl had taken off to either side of her jumping place she would have found the death she wanted surely enough, but at this point a diminutive run of water spread into a pool with enough depth to cushion the shock. Scatter Gold stood with lowered head on the bank; the

Paula looked up. "So I won't have to

people were a squirming mass, trying to get close.

Voices cried out. The crowd thrust back from its central focus and he could see the prone slender figure of Paula Hartley, with Sylvia Marsden and the major kneeling beside it. The hand of the girl lifted from her side to her face. That meant she was alive, decided the detached brain of Ainlee.

He returned to the house and found a servant.

"There's been an accident," said Ainlee. "Telephone to the best doctor. Tell him to come here on the run."

The doctor's car came with a shrill whining up the cypress drive. The crowd was now streaming about the corner of the building. Barron, in the van, carried the girl, striding alone and making a fine picture. Ainlee merely directed the burden bearer toward the couch which had been prepared, and Barron, with one dark look, went on. The crowd was shut out. It hummed and bumbled in the front of the house while the doctor, the major, and Sylvia Marsden and Barron were closed in the room.

After a time Sylvia Marsden came out. Ainlee, waiting in the hall, stood up to ask, "Badly hurt?"

"Why should she be?" asked the woman. "The Hartleys are all rubber and whalebone. Horses can't hurt 'em."

She walked up and down the hall with a man's big firm stride.

"I knew there was danger in that damned mare, even for Paula; but to bolt like that with no warning—"

"Bolt?" queried Ainlee.

"What else was it?" demanded the woman fiercely. "D'you think that she rode the horse down that hill on purpose?"

He was silent.

"Come in here with me," she directed.

He went in with her. The blanket that wrapped Paula

by

MAX BRAND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FRANK GODWIN

ask you to forgive me, Mr. Ainlee!"

was stirred a little by her breathing; he saw that first. Barron, rigidly erect, glared once at Ainlee, then fixed his tormented eyes on the girl again. The major was still on one knee, stroking her hand, saying, " If you'd steadied her a little, she would have made it—she would have cleared the wall *and* the ditch. But you *will* rush your fences, Paula."

" Be still, Raymond," commanded Aunt Sylvia. " Paula, here's Richard Ainlee."

Paula looked up. Her hair flowed away to one side and the look of her throat was very soft and young. " They tell me Scatter Gold is all right, and that she didn't go in the knees. So I won't have to ask you to forgive me, Mr. Ainlee! "

" Certainly not," said Ainlee.

" When I get my affairs in better order, Ainlee," said John Barron, " I want to make a bid for Scatter Gold. Will you tell me your price? "

" I put no price on things I want," said Ainlee.

THERE was one instant of rage in the face of Barron. The smile of Ainlee was the coolness in which he was tempering his soul for battle.

Paula Hartley was watching with a pale intensity.

" Richard wouldn't sell for a cold million and the Victoria Cross," said Sylvia Marsden. " He's a fellow who gets what he wants and keeps it."

" I'm perfectly fit to go now," said the girl, and rose suddenly. She looked swiftly around her at the room, avoiding Ainlee. " I can breathe better outside."

" Yes," said the doctor. " She may go. There has been no shock, it seems."

Said Sylvia Marsden, " Raymond and I have one or two things to talk over with Richard Ainlee. We won't be a moment. About the servants, Raymond," she prompted.

" You see," said the major, as they followed into the hall, " we're opening a house on a much smaller scale. The old nurse of Paula will do the cooking; one boy will take care of the rest of the place. And unless you're bringing your own servants, Mr. Ainlee, you might use these—or some of them. All very devoted."

" I'll keep all of them," said Ainlee.

" Bully for you! I'd rather see heart in a man than

DECORATIONS BY STEPHEN GROUT

a library of knowledge, Richard," said Sylvia Marsden.

Paula Hartley turned quickly to Ainlee with an unsmiling, curious face.

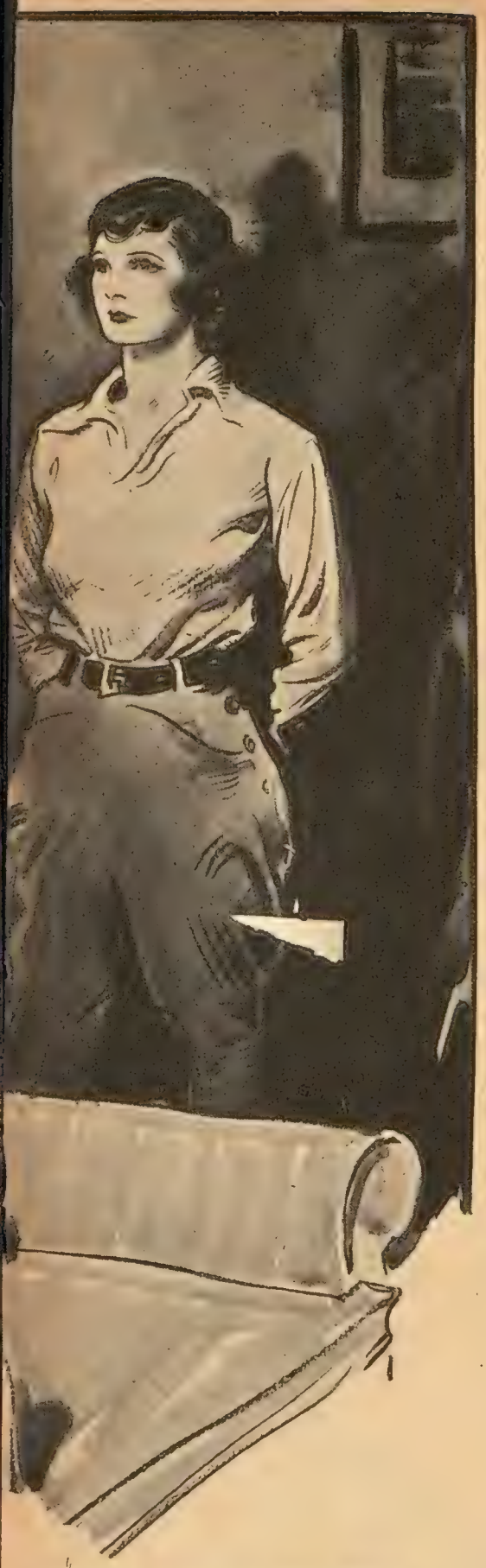
The good major's lip trembled as he shook hands with Ainlee.

" This is a house where I have seen a great deal of happiness. I hope you'll find it in the air, Ainlee," he said. " There are no ghosts but kind ones inside these walls, I trust. Come down the hill to see us in the old house, won't you? Good fortune to you."

The Hartleys went out to the car. There was a brief jolting word from John Barron as he said good-by and helped the girl in. Then Sylvia Marsden smiled farewell.

When Ainlee went back inside, he saw Saunders and asked to be shown the telephone. He got A. E. Tolman on the wire.

" I've seen young Chester Marvin of Webster & Marvin," said the heavy, booming, monotonous voice of



Tolman. " If he's the driving power behind the firm, he'll put them in the ditch."

" You don't know him," replied Ainlee, " and I do."

" Then come back here and handle the thing for yourself."

" I'm coming back tomorrow."

" Why not today? "

" I have to put a woman into the house."

" A what? "

" A wife," said Ainlee.

" Richard, have you fallen in love, for God's sake? "

" Nonsense," said Ainlee. " Just a matter of practical good sense. The time has come."

" You've got the girl? "

" I've found her but I haven't got her."

" You're drunk! Come back here and talk to me."

" Tomorrow," said Ainlee.

He heard Tolman groan, and the connection was broken.

Ainlee rose from the phone and went to see the house.

He walked through slowly with Saunders opening doors and raising windows to let in the air and the view. The big L-shaped living room, its recessed bookcases filled, kept him the longest time, though the portrait of Raymond Hartley, Lord Meredith, watched him with continual disdain until he passed out into the little court which held the fountain.

He went back into the entrance hall and then up the stairs to select a bedroom.

THE major's suite at the end of the hall had a dressing room, a big bath and shower, and a sleeping chamber. This bedroom was undoubtedly the proper one for the master, but as Ainlee looked around him at the old prints of hunting and racing, the spindle-legged coursers stretched in mid-air like extended compasses, he felt more than ever that he was an interloper in this house, almost an eavesdropper. To the past which was gathered around him he had no right.

As second in desirability, Saunders took him to the room of Paula Hartley at the northern end of the corridor. In the bedroom the life and the mind of the girl were scattered. She seemed about to return. With a guilty haste Ainlee looked from the tall four-poster to the marble fireplace, the mahogany desk, the hanging shelves on which were grouped a number of those little ivory animals such as children will collect.

" Show me a guest room," he said abruptly.

The butler led Ainlee to a chamber which was inconveniently cut off from the bath by the main hall, but the new master was satisfied with the main essential—a view of terrace, cypress drive, and swimming pool, with Meredith beyond. From these windows he was looking down upon his past.

After dinner Ainlee walked and smoked in the southern loggia, watching the lights of Meredith until he was ready for bed. But the sense of possession would not come to him.

He kept feeling that he must go down the hill to the emptiness of the house of Dick Ainlee and that weather-stained photograph.

Standing beside Scatter Gold next morning, he consulted Dan Carrick.

" What are her chances in the Mantico Hunt cup? " he asked.

" It's four miles, and she's a mare," said Carrick. " But yesterday she was the favorite. This morning that's all changed. I just been telephoned to. Mr. John Barron has bought the Hamilton Baileys' Troubadour, and entered him for the cup."

" Scatter Gold hasn't a chance? "

" She's only a mare," said the groom; " but the good ones are never finished till they're beat."

" Put a saddle on her. I want to try Scatter Gold."

Carrick took the mare away and brought her back under a saddle. She danced along, her head bent to the strength of Carrick's hand.

" If she gets you down, she'll try to savage you," said he.

" Is there anything you can tell me to make this a safer ride? " Ainlee asked.

" There ain't any safe way except to stay on her back," answered Carrick. Ainlee shrugged his shoulders and mounted. Even after standing beside her, the bigness of her was a surprise.

As Carrick loosed her the mare went into the air like a cat off a hot stove. She landed with her head down and her back humped. The ground rose like a flat striking hand and shocked Ainlee's

" He's a whale," said Barron. " And he's got the old Jorham fighting eyes in his head."

wits into darkness. Finally he could make out Carrick, who stood over him and waved the mare away.

Ainlee got to his feet.

" You may catch her for me again, Carrick," he said.

When he remounted, Ainlee found a bit of weakness in his knees.

" Turn her loose! " he called, and sat prepared with a firmer grip on the reins. But the thrust of her head jerked his arms far forward, loosening his seat as she bolted. She stopped as a whiplash stops, with a snap and a jar that launched him into the air. The trees spun about; a fence revolved in the foreground. He struck that fence and toppled on the farther side of it. There he lay inert, watching the mare crowd up and down the bars like a golden tiger in a cage. Carrick appeared, breathing hard.

" Are you all right, sir? " demanded the groom.

Ainlee pulled himself to his feet. There was blood on his face, the salt taste of blood in his mouth. It came from his nose and he wiped it away with a handkerchief. " I'll try her once more, Carrick," he said.

" The first time you dropped where I could wave her off from you," answered Carrick. " The second time you got the fence between you. The third time she'll murder you."

After this, Ainlee waited through a moment of silence before he said again, " I'll have the mare once more."

Carrick wore a stony face when he led up Scatter Gold again. As for Ainlee, he was so frightened that there was hardly air for his breathing.

The mare chose his moment of mounting to throw up her head with a great trumpeting whinny. She began to whirl as her whinnying ended.

" Straighten her out, sir! The whip! " called Carrick.

He used it, and she came out of her circling with a leap that threw his feet up and his body far back. A lucky grip under the pommel kept him from falling. He pulled himself erect and freshened his knee grip with the gale of her racing gallop blowing into his face. Straight down the hollow she headed toward a post-and-rails that looked to Ainlee the biggest, the most solid fence that man had ever built.

She took off—too soon, too soon! he thought—she hung in the air while the fence jerked past beneath her. She struck behind, heavily enough to make her swerve, and she pecked heavily in landing. Ainlee, slung sideways from the saddle, hardly felt the ground as he landed, he was rolling so fast. Fear of the mare got him to his feet with a clear head. He had started to run for the protection of the fence when he saw Scatter Gold flashing down the lower valley. She sank into a copse, out of his view, like a bird into a cloud. He stepped out at once in pursuit.

HE ought to have been in a plane bound for New York by this time, revolving the Webster and Marvin problem in a calm brain. Instead, he was sore from many bruises, following a loose horse across the hills, following, also, that impulse which had jumped into his blood the day before when he saw the mare flash down the hill toward the great stone wall. But this morning he had made that impulse part of a careful plan.

He came into the crooked unpaved rutted street of Jorham, and beyond the village, with the open country before him, he saw Scatter Gold disappear into a farmyard half a mile up the road.

Before Ainlee reached the house, the thudding of hoofs, snorting, the squeaking of stirrup leathers made him hurry. The voice of a child began to shrill: " Hey, mummy! Hey, look out! " as Ainlee turned the corner of the house and saw the picture.

Scatter Gold was leaping at the sky, striking the earth to leap again, swerving, twisting, bucking with a frenzied determination, and on her back not a man but a girl was sitting, her hair knocked into a streaming brightness. A boy of four or five hopped up and down on the back porch, yipping advice, but the girl only laughed and shouted: " Hai! Go it, beauty! Go it, devil! Go it, Scatter! "

Scatter Gold halted with forelegs planted wide apart, trembling.

The girl slipped to the ground. She was twenty-three or -four or -five, or something like that. She held the loop of the reins over her arm as she asked, " Does this belong to you? Did old Scatter get away? "

" She left me behind at a fence seven or eight miles away," said he. " My name is Ainlee, and she does belong to me, but I can't ride her."

" Bear on the right rein; she always turns to the left when she's bucking. I bred her and I ought to know. I'm Margie Windle."

" I never saw better riding," said Ainlee. " I'm delighted to know you, Mrs. Windle."

" *Miss* Windle," she corrected. " The boy, there, is a gift, not a bargain. Come in and have a drink. Tommy, take Scatter Gold and put her in the barn."

The girl took Ainlee into the living room. The furniture was a generation old, but hard use had only made it look comfortable.

" What'll you be drinking? Highball? Beer? Gin and ginger ale? " she asked.

" Beer, if you please," said Ainlee.

SHE brought him beer, and for herself sloshed rye into a glass and from a siphon squirted the glass full of water. " Here's in your eye, Mr. Ainlee," she said. " You're the one that bought Hartley Hall. If I'm nice to you, maybe you'll be buying some Jorham horses, too."

He took a long, comforting pull at the beer.

" Do all Jorham horses have the devil in them? " he asked. " I'm looking for a quiet ride."

" Why did you try Scatter Gold, then? She's got a reputation you could warm your hands over," said the girl.

" I thought that she'd make a good teacher."

She began to look him up and down with a smile so frankly curious that he was a little embarrassed.

" About horses," he said. " If you can find some that will come when they're called and go on a snaffle, I'd like to look at them."

" I'll find any sort of a horse that walks," said she. " It's my business to do that."

The wheels of an automobile had scraped to a stop outside. A great voice shouted, " Margie! Hello, Margie! "

She was at the door with the soundless speed of a cat.

" Hello, big boy," she called, pushing open the screen.

" I want to get the dead ringer for Scatter Gold," said John Barron, " and you've got to find it for me."

He came in striding.

" Why, hello! " he exclaimed. " Ainlee? I thought you had your hands full of Hartley Hall."

He shook hands with a quick crushing grip as Ainlee rose to meet him.

" Scatter Gold has been throwing me around a little," Ainlee explained, " and the last time she left me lying and led me up here for a change."

" Scatter Gold? Is she here? Now what d'you say, Ainlee? Isn't she in training for the Hunt cup? "

" The mare is teaching me how to ride," said Ainlee. " Afterward she'll run for the cup."

A screen door banged at the back of the house.

" Hey, mummy! " called the boy. He came breathless through the door, panting. The girl sat on the edge of the table, smoking a cigarette. Her wrists were small but round with strength; a thin dappling of freckles showed through the tan across the bridge of her nose. There was no word for her. Pretty was too small, handsome too masculine, beautiful too untrue.

" Come here, Tommy," she said. " Shake hands with John Barron. You haven't seen him for two years, about."

Barron picked the boy up under the armpits and lifted him to eye level.

" He's a whale," said Barron. " And he's got the old Jorham fighting eyes in his head, too."

" Has he? " asked the girl.

Barron looked at her quickly. " You know he has," he said with an odd sharpness as he put Tommy back on his feet. " Have you licked anybody yet, Tommy? "

" I licked Jerry Older. I licked him good," said Tommy. " I done it with a stick and I whanged him."

" You do it with your hands and *then* tell me about it," advised Barron.

"I'll go find him now!" shouted Tommy, and rushed from the house.

The girl let him go, smiling a little.

"Drink, John?" she asked.

"A dash," said Barron. He took it straight, waving the glass toward them, tossing off the whisky, pouring some more. "I want a real upstanding horse, Margie. Something to fill the eye, with the Jorham devil in it."

"There's a crazy-headed gray over on the Cary place that will fill your bill for you," she said.

"Go get the Cary gray for me," he commanded.

"When you talk like that, what a great big man you are, John!" she said. "*So* big."

There was no playfulness in Barron; there was only battle in his eye. Ainlee got up and said that it was time for him to start.

He no longer mattered. They hardly spoke to him as he left the house. It was very odd, that picture of them fronting one another; it was a little *too* odd.

Barron was saying, "I want to have a horse that's full of ginger. For a present."

"A present to a girl, eh?" asked Margie Windle. "Listen, Johnny. You can't give Paula Hartley anything that will take the place of Scatter Gold."

Ainlee passed out of hearing.

The wind had changed when he led Scatter Gold out of the barn. A gray wave was reaching from the southwest with thunderheads topping it in the place of shining spray. Lightning pulsed in the dark heart of the sky.

The storm was overpassing the zenith as they went through the street of Jorham village. The mare was very nervous and the first distant clap and peal of thunder caused her to flinch and cower a little. A roar of wind and cataracting rain rushed at them from the distance.

Down a slope Ainlee saw an elbow of rock that thrust far up above the ground. The thunder burst—a rending of thousand-ply canvas with a great crack at the end.

Scatter Gold reared; she pulled back till the lead rope burned through the hands of Ainlee; she crowded close to him, her lofty head turning uneasily.

He took her on a short lead, patting her neck with his free hand, and comforting her with his voice.

The rock showed its wet back to the rain and under the forehead of it a mouth opened ten feet wide. In that cave he took shelter as double lightning made the forest dance again. The mare cowered so low that he dropped an arm over her neck and put the other arm across her eyes. At once she grew steadier.

When the thunder no longer rolled over their heads, and in the northwest golden sun was lying on the hills, she allowed Ainlee to lead her out into the open. When he swung up into the saddle she merely turned her head to sniff at his knee. When he pressed her gingerly with his knees, she stepped away at once.

"We were caught in a thunderstorm, Carrick," he explained when they reached the stable, "and the lightning scared her into liking my company. She may forget me by tomorrow."

"You're wrong, sir," said Carrick, with the emphasis of one who rarely speaks in vain. "This will never be forgotten."

IT was late in the afternoon, far too late for the trip to New York. Ainlee bathed and changed. Then something that worked continually in his mind sent him out to the barn to watch Scatter Gold as she went after her oats with a greedy vengeance. When he spoke, she pulled her head suddenly around and pricked her ears at him while oats dribbled from her mouth into the bedding.

"No, sir," said Carrick. "She'll never forget."

Ainlee held out his hand and snapped his fingers.

"Come here, Scatter," he commanded.

She took a step and stretched out her head to examine his hand. A queer tightness about his heart burst and loosed a warmth that flowed through his body.

"Horses are queer devils, Carrick," he said.

But Carrick said nothing. He made a short salute instead.

In the morning Ainlee dressed, with his mind hungrily at work among the problems of Tolman-Granger & Co. But first he had one very queer task to perform; then he could make all speed for New York and his abandoned business. After breakfast he found Carrick riding Scatter Gold bareback slowly up and down in front of the stable.

"Saddle her for me," directed Ainlee. When he mounted the mare she did not even toss her head.

Ainlee rode down the hill to the Hartley house. A big woman in blue-gingham coveralls was wielding a spade in the garden with the vigor of a man. It was Sylvia Marsden. She waved her spade and was beside him before he had finished tethering the mare.

"How did you climb the beanstalk, Richard?" she asked him. "How did you kill *this* giant? How did you tame Scatter Gold?"

"She chucked me off a few times and then led me up to Margie Windle's," he said. "The girl rode her, all right. Afterward a thunderstorm scared her into kinder ideas about me also."

"MARGIE WINDLE and a thunderstorm would knock some new ideas into the head of any horse—or man," said Sylvia Marsden. "Do you know why people call her 'poor Margie'?"

"I saw Tommy, if that's what you mean," he answered.

"It is," said she, "and I want to say that a lot of good horses are not in the studbook. Are you calling on me or waiting for a shot of Morrison's?"

"I'd like to see Miss Hartley."

"She may come out in a cloud of brimstone and sulphur. D'you mind that? Just now Hartley Hall is aching in her deeper than a wisdom tooth. Call on her another day. I'll get you a drink before you go back."

"I want to give her Scatter Gold."

"Give?" echoed Sylvia Marsden.

"Yes."

"What will Paula give you in return?"

There was nothing for him to say.

"Richard," she said, "you'll never climb to the top of this hill. Turn around and go home."

"Thanks," said Ainlee. "But I'll see her if I may."

"Going to sweep her off her feet?"

"It's a big house—Hartley Hall," said he. "That's all I mean. No emotional nonsense, of course. But she belongs in the place."

"The old European plan, Richard? The arranged marriage—and, as you say, no nonsense? You buy the house; you buy the horse; then you use the horse as first payment on the girl. Afterward she can walk into the house also?"

"That's exactly my idea."

"You're a frank devil," said Sylvia Marsden. "But don't you think that it will be obvious to Paula—your whole scheme, I mean—as soon as you offer her the horse?"

"I want it to be obvious to her," said Ainlee.

"You have the house. You come riding the horse you have conquered. You lay the spoils of war at the feet of the lady, eh?"

"Exactly," said he.

"Richard, you just don't know a damned thing, do you?"

"Perhaps not," he agreed. "Not a damned thing."

"She isn't the sort of girl that wants to be conquered," said Sylvia Marsden. "And she won't take Scatter Gold."

"I think she will. She loves the mare and she's set her heart on winning the Hunt cup."

"Well, I've given you good advice and you've given it to the devil. Oh, Paula, come out here!"

Paula came out of the front door.

"Well," said Aunt Sylvia, leaning on the spade, "may the best man win. I wish you luck, Richard. But handsome is as Hartley does, is too old a saying in this family."

What possible luck could Richard Ainlee have with Paula now? He has put her and her father out of their home. He has taken her beloved Scatter Gold. Can the power of his money and his inhumanly calculating brain ride over these wrongs? In next week's installment Richard learns something about women he had never before suspected.

The Amazing Career of Father

READING TIME @ 21 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE first time Mr. Doherty went to him, Father Coughlin wouldn't give an interview to anybody. The second time Mr. Doherty got one—" but," he confesses, " *at the price of my soul.*" He agreed, as Father Coughlin stipulated, to " go back to the Church and work at your religion hereafter," and the radio priest then outlined his own story as his interviewer is revealing it in this series.

Father Coughlin was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1891. From the time he was four his sole ambition was to be a priest, though as a healthy boy " he could be a little devil when he wanted to." The Basilian Fathers encouraged him, and he went to St. Michael's College in Toronto and then to Toronto University, where he won scholastic honors and played championship Rugby and handball. Afterward, early in his novitiate, he overstudied and was sent for his health's sake to a Basilian college at Waco, Texas; there he taught and both coached and played baseball. He was powerfully moved by the writings of the Carmelite nun since canonized as St. Thérèse de Lisieux, and seven years after his ordination he was taken into the diocese of Detroit by Bishop Gallagher, who decided St. Thérèse should have a shrine at Royal Oak, Michigan. Because of Klan hostility it would take a fighting priest to build it—and the bishop found one " in Charles E. Coughlin, pastor of the poorest and humblest parish in his diocese."

PART TWO—HIS FIRST BROADCAST, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

AS a small boy " Chuck " Coughlin could throw stones farther and higher than any of his gang.

As a young priest teaching English and history and Greek and coaching baseball and football teams at Assumption College in Sandwich, Ontario, Father Coughlin could flick pebbles with enviable accuracy.

He seemed always to be laden with pebbles. When he wanted to attract the attention of some distant student on the campus or the field—or even on the stage—he tossed a pebble at him. He never endangered an eye. The pebble always landed on the thigh, the seat, the wrist, or the ankle. The victim immediately knew he was " wanted." That saved the Coughlin voice for the classroom and the pulpit.

Long since the priest has put away his pebbles. The only time he throws anything is when he is walking out with his dog Pal. He hurls stones and sticks, and Pal chases and retrieves them.

But he still throws verbal pebbles. They sting. He intends them to sting.

He had forgotten most of his Greek when he went to Assumption College. But he studied it at night, learning next day's lesson before he tried it on the class.

He brought a love of Shakespeare to the college, and a zest for Shakespearean plays. He built a stage in the gymnasium—promising to pay the tradesmen out of the proceeds of plays, and furnishing the drops and curtains and costumes from his mother's attic. Mrs. Coughlin became the wardrobe mistress. Without her the plays could not have been produced. It is of record that once her perfume was appropriated by the reverend producer, that the theater might be sprayed with odors sufficiently sweet and powerful to counteract the fumes coming up from the furnace. Remember when he made a sled out of her ironing board? He hadn't changed much.

All the stage ability the young clergyman possessed was put into directing the boys of Assumption and getting some of them into stays and wigs. When he thought them good enough, he took them on the road, at a profit.

He seemed to touch everything with magic. He took boys who never had a chance to make the teams. He coached them as best he could, strengthened them by arduous labors—such as carrying coal from cars on the sidetrack to the bins of the college, and emptying carloads of potatoes for the college kitchens—told them they were good, and sent them into battle to win for Dear Old Assumption. And they won more often than they lost.

While he was teaching the young idea how to play and pray and translate Greek, he preached every Sunday in Detroit. One week, when he was an assistant at St. Leo's in Detroit, he preached three sermons a night for seven straight nights.

He learned some " parish work " in Detroit before Bishop Gallagher assigned him to Kalamazoo. He was quite proficient in it when he was given the North Branch parish. But despite his experience in raising money for the theatrical company, he knew little of the ways of getting revenues for the church.

The people in North Branch were poor. The church was poor. Father Coughlin had an automobile but no garage. He built a garage, and the church was in debt. He was quite concerned about that.

He visited the Lapeer County Fair, studied all its attractions, saw how it was run. The fair was losing money. He believed he could run a one-night fair that would get the parish out of debt. He set about doing it. His friends in Detroit helped him with enthusiasm.

He brought clowns from that city, and bands, and strings of balloons; and pretty girls to sell tickets and take part in a style show. All the country people brought in their prize vegetables and fruits. There were music and dancing, good things to eat and drink, fun and ex-

Acme photo

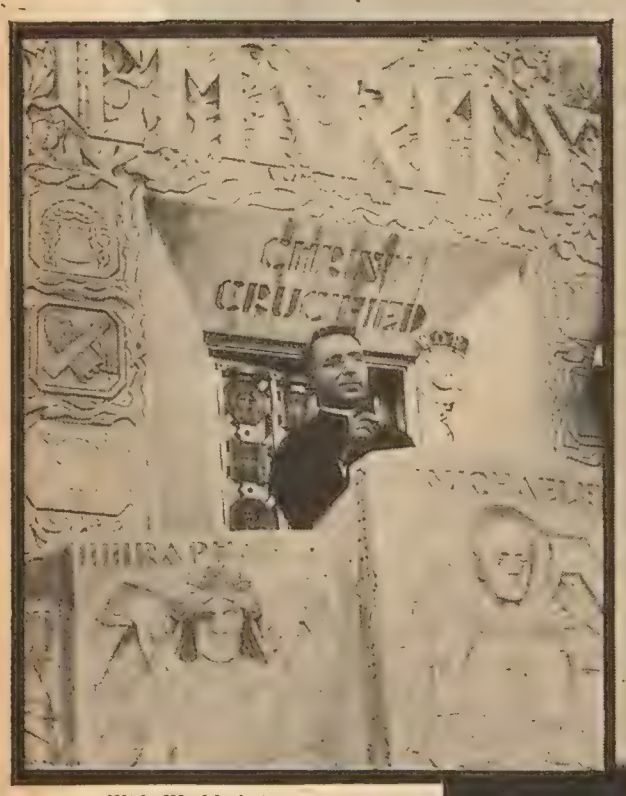
Right: Father Coughlin's old Church of the Little Flower at Royal Oak. He went on the air to get it out of debt.

At Last—a Complete Revelation of the Man Behind the Mightiest Voice on the Air!

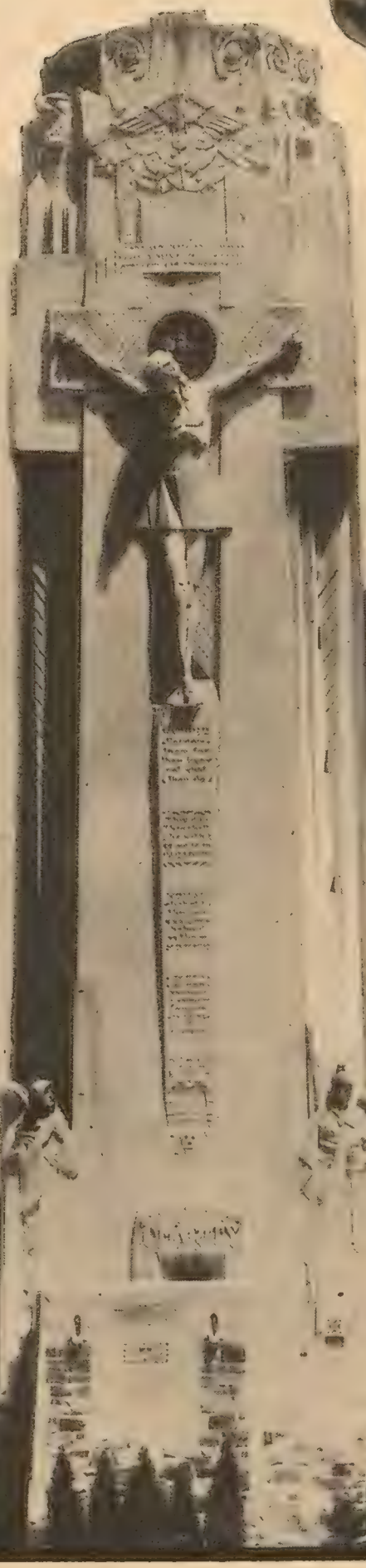
Coughlin

by EDWARD DOHERTY

Acme photo



Wide World photo



Wide World photo

Above: He broadcasts from the outdoor pulpit built at the base of his new church's Charity Crucifixion Tower. At right: The tower, 111 feet high, visible for miles. It cost about $750,000.

Top: Father Coughlin. "No man with faith in God need fear anything," he affirmed, smiling, as he bought his first hour on the air. Below: The group sculpture at the Shrine, inside the tower. It was carved from one block of white marble.

citement and glamour. Father Coughlin's one-night stand gave him a profit of $1,500. The church was out of debt.

But it wasn't long until Father Coughlin was in debt again—as pastor of the Church of the Little Flower at Royal Oak. Bishop Gallagher had given him money to build the church. The few families in the parish had added to that sum whatever they could afford. But it wasn't enough. Father Coughlin couldn't even pay the interest on his debt.

Perhaps the autobiography of St. Thérèse helped him in this crisis.

"We live in an age of inventions," she had written; "there are now lifts which save us the trouble of climbing stairs. I will try to find a lift by which I may be raised unto God, for I am too small to climb the steep stairway of perfection."

The priest wanted to find a lift too—in this age of inventions. And he found it in the most modern of all inventions. The radio.

If he could talk to unseen thousands over the air he might receive contributions which would finish the building of the church. His voice, so effective in the recitation of Shakespearean lines, so compelling in the pulpit, might be as powerful on the air. And, if need be, he could play the organ and he could sing.

But how could he get on the air?

He drove downtown and visited Leo Fitzpatrick of the "Good Will Station," WJR, told him his troubles, and asked for help.

Only a few days before this the Ku Klux Klan had burned a fiery cross near his church. They hadn't damaged the edifice. They hadn't frightened anybody. But something had to be done about it. There must be a church erected that "neither man nor beast" could burn. There must be a crucifix of stone raised into the sky that all men might see it—and contrast it with the burning crosses of the Klan. But there was no money, and no way of getting it save by talking through the mike.

Fitzpatrick thought it a good idea. But he advised the priest to buy the time outright. If he went on some commercial hour, what he had to say might be blue-penciled. If he paid his money, he could say what he pleased.

He wouldn't allow any man to edit his sermons—unless it was his bishop. He asked about the cost.

"I can buy an hour," he explained. "The money is owed for other things, but if this broadcast is successful, I'll get it back, and more with it. If it fails—"

"God hates a coward," Fitzpatrick said.

Father Coughlin smiled.

"No man who has faith in God need fear anything," he replied. "If my bishop allows me, I will buy the hour."

Bishop Gallagher gave a ready consent; and Father Coughlin made an announcement to his little flock.

AT first he intended to ask on the air for contributions from the faithful. But he had never taken up a collection in his church. He had refused to equip his ushers with baskets. He had charged no pew rent. He believed it wrong for churches to charge admittance fees like theaters or circuses. No silver clinked during his services. The congregation gave what it could after Mass was ended. Therefore, he considered, he could not ask for contributions.

All he could do was to tell the world his plight, the poverty of his people, the enmity of the Klan, and the necessity of building the church and the shrine to the beautiful new saint.

This he did on October 17, 1926.

He was overjoyed when five letters came to his church. This was the answer to prayer. There might be more letters later on. In a year or two, if he could continue to buy time on the air, his humble needs might be satisfied. St. Thérèse had performed a miracle for him. Five people he didn't know and had never heard of had written him and inclosed money and checks.

But the miracle was only beginning. There were hundreds of letters awaiting him at the radio station. And they contained a little fortune. He had only to speak, and dollars came to him out of the air!

In the years that have passed since then, the wonder-working saint has not ceased to shower blessings upon him. The Charity Crucifixion Tower has been erected. The shrine has been built. The new church is in the process of completion, and though work was stopped on it last summer, Father Coughlin has no doubt it will be ready for its congregation soon—the first radio church in the world.

The Radio League of the Little Flower has been organized, with members in every country of the English-speaking world. God's Poor Society has been established. Uncounted men, women, and children have been fed and clothed.

Early this year Father Coughlin mailed a million circulars to his friends, telling them he would be on the air again this fall. He showed one to Leo Fitzpatrick.

"Huh," Leo said. "You forgot to say anything about do-re-mi. How are you going to finish your church if you don't get money? Put a little barb in here."

"I want the people to hear the word of God," Father Coughlin said. "St. Thérèse will look after the money."

MONEY meant no more to him than the manna that fell from heaven meant to the Israelites. It was essential but one didn't worry about it. God sent it every day. It was miraculous, yes. But one got used to miracles.

The golden manna fell thickly; but the more it fell, the more it was needed.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars came into the humble church. And the faster it accumulated, the faster Father Coughlin ran into debt.

The plans he had made for his monument to the Little Flower—loving plans made without regard to expense—required ever more and more money.

First there was the Charity Crucifixion Tower. That represented $750,000 or more—a tower 111 feet high and 30 feet square, surrounded by an esplanade 120 feet in diameter. Granite, stone, bronze, and marble were needed; flagstone floors inlaid with the flower emblems of the shrine. René P. Chambellan of New York was commissioned to do the sculpturing.

A thirty-five-foot stone carving of the Saviour on the cross was erected, with the figures of the Blessed Mother, St. John, Mary Magdalene, Longinus, the archangels, and the four Evangelists at the foot of the cross and about the tower.

That cross can be seen for miles, night or day. Indirect lighting glorifies it at night.

Inside the tower is the Shrine of St. Thérèse. Henry McGill, architect, and the Vaprato Statue Co. aided the priest to carry out his ideas. The sculptural group was made out of a block of white Carrara marble. It weighs six tons. The figures on it are of heroic size—the Infant Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Thérèse. No machinery was used in sculpturing these figures; nothing but hand tools. The work was done in Italy.

The background shows a huge cross around which is draped the winding sheet of Christ. A shower of roses falls from this—to show that all gifts and graces come from the passion of Christ. The Blessed Virgin is holding the Child on one knee. St. Thérèse is kneeling before Him, and He is giving her a rose. She is holding another rose to drop on the earth below. This is to teach that all the blessings bestowed by the saints come through them from God.

The altar will be in the center of the new church, and the pulpit will be in the organ loft. The pews will circle the altar, and each pew will be equipped with a loudspeaker. The control rooms and the broadcasting studio will be situated in the galleries.

For four years after his first broadcast Father Coughlin preached of faith and hope and charity. Usually there was a children's hour and one for grown-ups.

Each year his unseen congregation grew. In 1929 he established his own chain of eighteen stations with the help of Leo Fitzpatrick and C. A. Richards, who owns WJR. In 1930 he arranged to speak over the Columbia network. At that time it was estimated he spoke to more than forty million people every Sunday.

Now he began to speak on national questions as well as on religion—on socialism, on communism, on unem-

ployment, on politics, on the soldiers' bonus, on the gold standard, on international finance, on prohibition.

The age of gold had ended; and civilization had been all but smashed. Factories were closed. Banks were closed. Theaters and shops and offices were closed. Millions were out of work. Thousands were begging for bread.

Father Coughlin felt he must do what he could to help in this sorry crisis. Strangely enough, the churches were beginning to fill up again on Sundays. And this church that had spoken most loudly against the world found the world repaying it with more and more stacks of dollars. Never had so much money come to the home of the Little Flower as during the worst years of the depression.

It was a touching tribute. The world was not all bad. But it was weak, and exploited, and wearied, and desperate. Its worst foes, its worst parasites, Father Coughlin thought, were the international bankers, the selfish aristocracy in power, the influential few. He attacked them vehemently.

"The propaganda that wages have not been cut, the lying propaganda that our present distress is a passing fancy, is exemplified by the master stroke of contemptible meanness when this last September some government official at Washington issued an order to cut the pay of the scrubwomen of the federal buildings $1.25 a week," he said one Sunday in the winter of 1929.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is high time for us to put aside subterfuge and lying. The silly psychology imported to this country by Dr. Coué that we are getting better and better every day can never alleviate the starving, naked, laborers' children who cannot wait until the springtime of promise arrives. Action—concrete action and not empty words—is required.

"WHEN the bugle sounds the call to arms, we realize we are in an emergency where both promise and discussion are of no avail. Every young man is conscripted to serve his nation's flag because a crisis has arisen. In time of pestilence or famine, or of this widespread unemployment which breeds both pestilence and famine, we are in a condition just as critical, when, if necessary, every dollar should be conscripted. . . .

"Where and how shall we begin? I know many churches and religious organizations which already have accepted the challenge from God's poor. Although this little church from which I am addressing this vast audience has a debt of approximately $300,000, which is borne on the shoulders of sixty-four families who belong to the middle class, it is happy to accept the challenge from the poor. It is happy to spread the fire of good example. . . .

"Over and above what we have given to the Community Fund, to the St. Vincent de Paul organization, and to any other poor fund, despite our meager collection which was taken up today at our Sunday Masses, I publicly pledge that $500 will be given tomorrow morning in the name of this church to the St. Vincent de Paul charitable organization.

"There is nothing dramatic about this. We are on the crest of a crisis. It is an emergency which has arisen, by whose fault at present we are not interested."

He related how he had announced the previous Sunday that he had neither money nor positions nor food to give, but he did have plenty of clothes to distribute.

"On the following Monday morning," he said, "the little bungalow which serves as my rectory was surrounded with men and women and children. It was a drizzly, raining, bleak Monday morning. Coatless, hatless, many of them in borrowed clothes, these unfortunates came in that rain to beg for immediate assistance."

AFTER that sermon God's Poor Society was formed. All that winter, and the winters that followed, thousands of the poor, the starving, the sick came out to Royal Oak. All summer Father Coughlin's parishioners sent clothing to him. All summer policemen and firemen collected food supplies and lists of needy families. Provisions came from everywhere, by auto, by train, by thundering truck—blankets, bread, canned goods, medicines, shoes, woolen socks, fresh vegetables and fruits, tons of coffee. Money was sent to pay somebody's rent, somebody else's hospital bills.

An American Red Cross official declared southern Oakland County, Michigan—which takes in Royal Oak—the blackest spot on the depression map. But more than 14,000 persons were fed and clothed and sheltered in Royal Oak that winter.

But it wasn't enough to take care of the temporal needs of the poor. Father Coughlin believed he had a divine mission to speak out on the needs of the country. There were so many things wrong. Leo XIII had spoken of these wrongs. Father Coughlin had read his encyclicals until he knew them almost by heart.

"The year 1930 marks the close of an era of crass materialism," he said. "During the course of our stupendous material achievements we have gradually arrived at the conclusion that the religion of Jesus Christ must confine itself to the four walls of a church; that it must have no part in the regulation of international trade, in peace, in private business, in education, and in the home. . . .

"Not since the Divine Master gave utterance to the words, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' has a voice been raised so clearly and fearlessly as was that of Leo XIII, who, like a divine prophet, pronounced the basic principles of Christian economy, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' and drew the conclusions which

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Because it's used externally, VapoRub avoids the risks of constant "dosing." VapoRub goes right to work to fight the cold *direct,* two ways at once. (1) *By stimulation*—it acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster. (2) *By inhalation*—its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath—*direct* to the inflamed air-passages.

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VICKS VAPORUB

the safe proved way to treat colds

necessarily follow from his teaching. . . . What Leo wrote in 1891 will be accepted by Pius XI in 1931. . . .

"Those days of godlessness will have passed with this memorable year of 1930. Nineteen thirty-one must usher in an era when every laborer shall be given an opportunity to earn a just and living wage. If the manufacturers themselves will not set about immediately to guarantee the carrying out of this policy, then the laboring class in this free democratic country expects of the government to time jobs and to establish living wages for every worker, as did Joseph of old regulate the flow and production of grain. . . .

"Human rights must take precedence over property and industrial rights. The prophetic and inspired voice of Leo XIII must be heeded. It is either Christ or chaos."

Thus far the radio priest had contented himself with preaching against socialism and communism, with mentioning Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, Karl Marx, Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky, and a few others.

There had been no complaints from the Reds; but Thomas believed he had been slandered. Coughlin had attacked him by name, he said. He wanted permission to reply to him over the air. Station WJR would not allow this, as it permits no attacks against religion or religious persons. Thomas, charging discrimination, appealed to Senator James Couzens, chairman of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee; but without much success.

The millions of Socialists in the United States were offended. Station WJR requested the priest not to mention the Socialist Party again. Coughlin gave his word that he would not raise any further controversies on the subject. From then on, until he began to speak on economics and politics—and to call names—he aimed most of his stones at communism.

"AS you observe, my friends, the first word in the vocabulary of a communist is 'down.' 'Down with God and religion!' 'Down with country and patriotism!' Because it is a negative you cannot define it. Communism is the negation of God, of morality, and of nationalism. It is a fester of negatives. One might describe it as a maggot which feeds on the ulcers of civilization. Wherever society has decomposed, communism appears. When the bulwarks of religion break down, the slimy thing grows fat on the doctrines of atheism. When rulers become oppressors, the followers of Marx and Lenin are multiplied on the open sores of tyranny. Where the greed of capitalism and mass production beget idleness and hunger and discontent, the doctrine of 'down with private ownership' becomes the doctrine of the laborer. Yes, and I might also add that wherever the integrity and fidelity of matrimony is treated like a scrap of paper, vows becoming a parody on truth, the free love of communism becomes the bible of unleashed passions of every man. Behold the maggot and upon what it feeds! No wonder it waxes fat in America. Last year more than 195,000 divorces, or licenses for infidelity, were granted. All about us the oppression of the poor is almost on a parallel with that which oppressed the peasants of czaristic Russia."

It was the "Ham Fish Red" committee that gave him a chance to hurl his first sizable pebble at any individual. The committee of five congressmen, headed by Hamilton Fish, came to Detroit investigating communistic propaganda and activities, and summoned Father Coughlin to testify as to what he knew about the Reds.

He also paid his respects in a sermon to Americans trading with Russia.

"Approximately one year ago there was occasion to discuss on the Golden Hour of the Little Flower the growth in our midst of the modern political and religious heresy called communism. At that time whoever made mention of this was considered to be a peddler of perils. Those were the days when many of our great American industrialists, greedy for gold, were stumbling over themselves in their anxiety to sign contracts with the outlawed government of Soviet Russia. Whatever was said in disparagement either of Sovietism or communism was regarded as inimical to the best interests of American commerce and finance.

"For fear lest this government of Russia, which refused to honor their just war debts, would likewise dishonor the international law regarding patents; for fear that the Soviets would begin to produce the highly protected and patented articles of certain American industries, many of our American manufacturers deemed it advisable to trade with them, believing it was better to make hay while the sun shone, even though there was danger of assisting an industrial and military force which was openly hostile to America and every other civilized country. Those were the days when whosoever suggested the existence and growth of communistic principles in America was regarded either as injudicious or as a patriotic racketeer."

TO begin the New Year, 1931, Father Coughlin prepared to speak on the iniquities of the Treaty of Versailles. Congressman Louis McFadden had given him much data on the treaty. On Saturday, January 3, one of the priest's secretaries called up McFadden in Washington and read parts of the sermon to some one she thought was the congressman. Later she remembered that a voice once broke in on the wire, saying, "This is the White House speaking." McFadden later said he had not conversed with Royal Oak—not at the moment the secretary revealed the contents of the sermon.

Late that night, though, the Columbia Broadcasting Company's representative called Father Coughlin from New York, declared he had received many complaints against his inflammatory remarks, and requested that the sermon to be preached on the morrow be toned down. Father Coughlin said he would speak upon some other topic.

He did so. But he also told his public what had happened. Protests from "sources altogether unknown," he said, had made it almost impossible for him to speak as he wished. What should he do? Submit or fight? Was free speech dead? He would leave it to his listeners. If they bade him speak, he would speak the next Sunday on Prosperity and the Treaty of Versailles. If they bade him be silent on this, he would be silent.

He had hardly done speaking before hundreds of telegrams arrived, telling him to speak out by all means. A storm of letters came the next day, and the next, and the next. There were almost 400,000 in the first week.

Nobody on the radio had ever come near to tying that record.

Father Coughlin had become more than a national figure. And there was nothing to stop him now. He filled his pockets up again with rocks—and he prepared thenceforth to hurl them not at generalities but at men.

Father Coughlin's astounding rough-and-tumble battles on the air—his denunciations of President Hoover, of Mellon, of prohibition and Clarence True Wilson; above all, his bitter fight, in which no holds seemed barred, with the Detroit Free Press—will be illuminated by Mr. Doherty in next week's installment.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—John Quincy Adams, February 23, 1848.

2—A South African mole, known as the "gold mole" from the color of its fur.

3—On Sable Island. Sixty persons were landed there in 1598.

4—An insane person who commits a crime is criminally insane; a criminal who becomes insane is an insane criminal.

5—Ninety-nine policewomen and forty-eight patrolwomen.

6—"Big-Head."

7—The path of a moving projectile.

8—Sir John Thompson; 1844-94.

9—For example; from the Latin *exempli gratia*—by way of example.

10—At Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865.

11—Edgar Guest.

12—John C. Frémont; nominated at the first Republican National Convention, June 17, 1856.

13—A cob.

14—The Tibetan name of Mount Everest.

15—Without premeditation or notes; impromptu.

16—The fifteen-cent Lincoln; issued April 15, 1866.

17—A xylologist.

18—Vale of Paradise.

19—A Canada jay.

20—Shakespeare, in A Comedy of Errors, Act 3, Scene 1.

TOPSY-TURVY ENTERTAINING in the White House

by

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

FOR the past three months the complete working force of the White House, including the President, his secretaries, their secretaries, the entire clerical staff, and the gentlemen of the press, has been evicted from the Executive Wing, which is undergoing a major enlarging operation. The once stately marble hallway of the main entrance of the White House is now a riotous press and waiting room. The three formal reception rooms have been pressed into service as offices. The President occupies the lovely oval Blue Room and his secretaries hold forth on either side in the Green Room and the Red Room. The long, dignified hallway between the East Room and the State Dining Room has had its brilliant red carpet removed and now echoes with the din of clicking typewriters.

Imagine the perturbation of an out-of-town lady who has received an invitation from the First Lady to attend a formal tea. In her best bib and tucker and a little a-flutter, she arrives at the main portico. As she enters the doorway, ready to gasp at the quiet and historic dignity of the large marble hallway of which she has seen so many pictures, a most peculiar panorama greets her. Small informal groups of men are standing around talking. In chairs placed around the walls others are sitting in various and sundry attitudes ranging from nonchalance to keen expectancy.

Suddenly many eyes are turned in her direction, obviously scrutinizing her with studied carelessness. Bells are ringing, typewriters jingling, and most important-looking people rush by with rattling papers.

Just as she is about to beat a retreat, a very polite usher approaches her and inquires quietly if there is anything that he may do to help her.

Timidly she asks, "Is this the White House?"

The usher assures her that it is.

She almost whispers, "But why are those men interested in looking at *me?*"

Without smiling he answers, "This is the temporary press room. They are newspapermen, and they just want to be sure you're not Mary Pickford in disguise."

With a sigh of relief, she explains that she has been invited for tea and is terribly sorry to be late, but she didn't realize that it would take so long motoring from Mount Vernon. She is led through the quiet little office of the usher into the family dining room, which has been pressed into service as an emergency reception room. Here she is cordially greeted by the First Lady and invited to proceed into the State Dining Room, where a great many other ladies are gathered. She notices a long table down the center of the room. A lady sits at either end, pouring tea. The guests crowd around each one, politely but firmly stating their preferences:

"One half a lump and mostly water."

"Three lumps and cream, please."

"Just a thin slice of lemon, if you'll be so kind."

Our visitor marvels at the calm efficiency of the tea hostesses. She goes a little nearer.

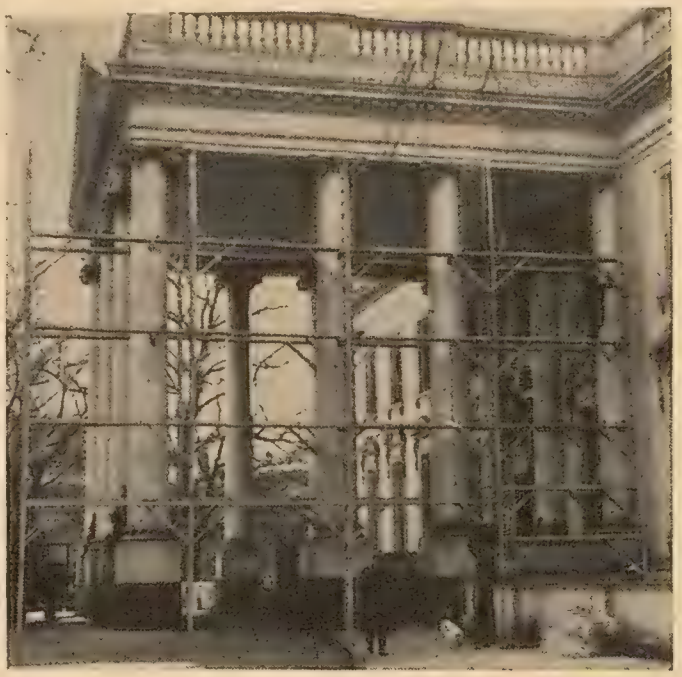
"Why, that's Mrs. Homer Cummings," she whispers to herself as that beamingly smart wife of the Attorney-General charmingly hands a cup of tea to a shy guest.

With her own cup of tea in hand, she joins a group.

"It's my first visit to the White House," she tells them. "I was a bit flabbergasted when I came in, but this room certainly lives up to my expectations."

"Do you know," another guest asks her, "that this room was redecorated when Theodore Roosevelt was President? It's the only room in the White House which is completely paneled. Isn't the walnut rich and beautiful?"

"Do you see those two large chairs against the wall?" another guest asks her. She turns and looks at the chairs. They stand almost six feet tall and are made of exquisitely carved oak. "Those are the chairs in which the President and his wife sit at formal meals."



Acme photo

The North Portico of the White House as it looked when undergoing repairs.

THERE is a little lull in the hum of conversation. Our visitor sees the First Lady come in. She joins a group of her guests near the door and chats for a few minutes.

The First Lady seems to realize that all in the room are anxious to talk to her, so she goes from group to group until she has gone around the entire room.

All too soon it is time to leave! Almost single file the guests depart through the usher's office. In sudden contrast, they are again thrust into the pandemonium of the pro-tem. executive office and press room. There's a slight traffic confusion at the front door. Tea guests collide with a delegation of gentlemen who are arriving for a meeting with the President.

Until the Executive Office Wing is completed, White House guests may, I fear, experience the excited confusion which greeted our hypothetical lady visitor. For a long time the Executive Wing has been inadequate. Congress appropriated money for this much-needed addition, and when it is finished, for the first time in history the beautiful main part of the White House will be exclusively the President's home and all offices will be confined to the Executive Wing.

THE END

Rebellion

A Joyous Tale of Young Love and Old Wisdom

—of a Matriarch's Machiavellian Maneuvers

and a Lover Who Wouldn't Be Licked

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Michael put his open hand against Emory's fat face and pushed. Emory sat down on the floor unexpectedly.

THE Crestwoods were in session. That meant it was the second day of the month. They sat now around the big table in the walnut-paneled library of the big old house ready to discuss any question concerning the family or their vast properties. They sat, with the exception of one of their number, as they had sat on the second day of every month for nearly fifteen years, since that day when Sabina had called all the male Crestwoods into conference. Sabina was the acknowledged head of the family. No one disputed that right. No one wanted to—yet.

The absent member of the conference was young Michael Crestwood, Sabina's grandson. Michael was in temporary disgrace because he had displeased Sabina and therefore all the Crestwoods; his right to sit in at the conference had been denied him until Sabina was ready to receive him. But he was waiting in the adjoining study with the door open, waiting to be called in to defend his actions—waiting and listening to every word that was said, as Sabina well knew.

She was an extraordinary woman. When her husband, Cyrus Crestwood, died fifteen years ago, Sabina realized that some one had to take charge. She could expect little help from her son or her brother-in-law—every one knew they had no business ability—so Sabina stepped into her late husband's place and showed the world that she had excellent executive powers.

She was a handsome woman, small and slender, with a mass of white hair pulled back from her forehead to a knot on the nape of her neck; her eyes were purple-blue, bright and alive. She did not look her sixty-eight years and she would have looked even younger had she worn the right clothes. But Sabina, at one time an exquisitely dressed woman, now seemed to have no interest in clothes at all; she wore plain tweeds and woolens, and hats that defied description.

A great many people said that Sabina had no interest in anything but money and power. That was not true. Sabina cared a great deal for her family. But the Crestwood men were a tragic disappointment to her. She thought they had grown soft from having too much money and too much leisure. She felt that she herself was hard because she had control of her emotions, loved a good fight, and outwardly frowned on any display of affection. Actually she was a sentimental old woman who lived, a great deal of the time, in glorious memories.

Sabina sat at the head of the table. On her right was David Crestwood, her son and young Michael's father, a handsome man who had neither the force of his mother nor the charm of his son. On her left was John, her brother-in-law, who cared more for Scotch whisky and Chinese porcelain than business affairs. Next to John sat his son Emory, a fattish man dominated by a little blonde wife who could never forget she had married a Crestwood.

John was reading a report to which Sabina paid little attention. She knew the men hated these meetings and she sometimes wondered why she insisted on their attendance—they always agreed to anything she said. If only one of them showed some real interest or voiced an intelligent opinion, these huddles, as Michael called the conferences, might be less dull. Sabina lifted a protesting hand. John's voice trailed off on a broken note.

"I don't think there's anything more to be said, John." Her words were deliberate and unhurried; her voice was even and low-pitched, the calm sure voice of one in authority. "We'll take Friedman's offer. We've been carrying that building for four years and I'm glad to sell."

John Crestwood said nothing. Sabina must be right. She always was.

"And now that that's settled," Sabina went on, "we'll take up the Buck River Railroad. I have the figures here." She tapped a sheaf of papers. "As you know,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

in Crestwood

by TAYLOR BYNUM

the road is practically bankrupt. The only business they are doing is hauling cars from our mines. The commission refuses to allow them to discontinue passenger service. If the road is forced into bankruptcy it will mean a delay for us. We are going to buy it, going to buy up the stock—quietly. We have to have it because it's the only means of getting the ore out of the valley. It's the only transportation through the gap. Now"—she consulted the papers in front of her—"there's Josiah Leeds at Buck River City with a big block of stock; there's Will Comstock at Eden Gap and old man Riston at Craigrock with more stock. Leeds, Comstock, and Riston. They'll jump at the chance to sell. You can take sixty or seventy thousand down there and buy everything from one end of that line to the other. Now, John, you leave tonight—"

"Sorry, Sabina," John said. "There's an auction of porcelain on Saturday—the Stavemeyeer collection."

"Oh, you and your porcelain!" Sabina said with a sigh.

"But, Sabina, I'm buying—"

Michael, looking a little tired, walked in with the loveliest-looking girl ever seen in the Crestwood library.

"Then you leave Sunday for Buck River City. And don't come back without sixty per cent of that stock. We'll buy up the rest in small lots. Now tell Michael to come in."

Michael came in and stood at the foot of the table. He was a tall young fellow with black hair, dark eyes like Sabina's, a straight stubborn mouth, and the body of an athlete. There was an air of the out-of-doors about him, and his face, even with its scowl of sullen defiance, held an aliveness that was missing in the other men around him.

Just now one of his eyes was a trifle bloodshot and one hand, the right one, was adorned with a strip of adhesive tape.

Sabina looked at him across the table. Handsome brute, she thought.

"Well, what have you to say?" she said quietly.

"About what?" Michael said, coolly meeting her steady gaze.

"About your behavior."

"I'm doing very well, thank you. Enjoying life as usual. Now that the depression is over—"

John stirred in his seat and Sabina made a quick birdlike gesture with her hand.

"Don't try to be funny, Michael," she said.

Michael smiled.

"You were arrested Tuesday for speeding," Sabina said accusingly. "Your name was in the papers again." She shook her head disapprovingly. She disliked publicity of any kind.

"Yes," he admitted. "And it cost me plenty."

"The next time it happens," she said in a slow warning tone, "I'll take that car away from you."

MICHAEL smiled again, a slow amused smile.

"You can't," he said. "I bought it myself—paid for it myself. The one you gave me is worn out."

Sabina frowned. She knew only too well that Michael's mother had left him fifteen thousand a year which no one but himself could touch. She had often wished that he did not have a penny, so that he would be totally dependent on her. But just as often she had wondered if Michael would ever be dependent on any one.

"And you got into a fight last night," she continued as if she had not mentioned the car. "Fighting in a night club. A fine thing for a Crestwood!" she added scornfully.

"But—" Michael began.

"You'll wait until I've finished," Sabina said quickly.

Michael grew red under his tan and jammed a fist into an open palm. Emory looked up with a complacent smile, seemingly enjoying Michael's discomfort. Michael hated Emory's pudgy face.

"You've been out of school three years," Sabina went on, "and as far as I know you've done nothing but race around the country and get your name in the papers. I've tried to get you to settle down to business—"

"What business?" Michael demanded. "All the business in this family is run by you. There's no place for any one else."

Sabina went right on talking as though Michael had never spoken:

"—settle down to business and act like a grown man with a mind of your own. But the only name you're making for yourself is the name the newspapers give you because of your rowdy behavior. Fighting in a night club! Hm-m-m-m!"

Michael laid a brown hand firmly on the table.

"Look here, Duchess," he said.

"Don't call me *Duchess*," Sabina said sharply.

"All right, Duchess, but listen to me a minute. I socked a guy in a night club last night because he got fresh with Marna. I wouldn't stand for that and—"

"And that's another thing," Sabina said. "I have

been told that you're in love with a girl who runs a dress shop—a dress shop, mind you! You're the last of the Crestwoods, Michael"—her voice softened—" and I expect great things of you."

" I know," he said hastily. " You want me to marry some bucktoothed débutante whose family has a pot of money, so the papers can talk about the union of great names and great fortunes. Well, forget that!" he added defiantly. " I won't."

" I want you to marry some one who will be a credit to this family," Sabina said. " You have a duty which I will not let you ignore. Marna Barrett! A dress shop on Fifty-seventh Street! Can't you do any better than that? "

" Listen, Duchess," Michael said, leaning on the table and meeting her steady gaze. " When a man falls in love he falls in love because he can't help it. There's nothing you or any one else can do about it. I'm in love with Marna and she's in love with me —I know that—and she's the one person in the world I want. I'm free, white, and several years over twenty-one—and I'm going to marry her."

The three men at the table sat up. Sabina leaned back in her chair.

" Not without my consent," she said firmly.

" With or without your consent," Michael declared, " I'm going to marry her. *You* can't stop me."

" Michael!" his father said sharply.

Sabina dismissed David with a wave of her hand.

" But I can disinherit you," she told Michael.

" Yes, you can," Michael agreed. " But that won't make any difference. I have enough money for us to live on, and I can make more."

" You? You make money? " Sabina laughed quietly. But there was amused contempt in her laughter and she knew it had struck a vulnerable spot in Michael's make-up. " Why, you baby, you don't know the first principle of business."

SHE could tell that he was more than angry. She knew he was near the breaking point when his eyes looked like black coals of fire, when his lips drew back taut, bloodless, over his teeth. She enjoyed making him angry. That's what she wanted to do.

" You couldn't support a wife and live as you want to live, and you know it."

" No? " said Michael with a dangerous calmness. " Well, Duchess, your money doesn't mean a thing to me."

" Don't be a fool! Of course it does. And the woman you want to marry means something to me. I'll go to see her."

" I hope you won't," Michael said.

" And why not? " Sabina demanded.

" Because I don't want her laughing at me. Because I don't want her to know I have any one in the family who wears such awful clothes and hats as you wear! "

Sabina stood up. " Michael! "

" You're the worst-dressed woman I know," Michael said quickly. " And you're—you're a tyrannical old woman who wants to run the whole show."

For a moment there was a startling silence. John rose, and Emory rose, and Emory made the mistake of putting his hands on Michael.

" You can't talk like that! " Emory said blusteringly.

" Take your hands off of me! " Michael warned him.

" Your insolence will not—"

MICHAEL put his open hand against Emory's fat face and pushed. Emory sat down on the floor unexpectedly. Michael turned back to the table. Then his temper exploded.

" I don't have to put up with this," he said. " And I won't be treated like a child! I don't have to live with a family that gives me hell every time I act like a human being. You can browbeat the rest of 'em but you can't tell *me* what to do."

He went out, and slammed the door behind him so that the old English prints on the paneling swayed gently.

" Why—why—" Emory spluttered from the floor. " That's rebel—"

" If you're trying to say rebellion, Emory," Sabina said, " it is. But at least you can't complain about this meeting being dull. Now I wish all of you would go. I've got to think. Don't forget you're going to Buck River City Sunday, John."

Alone, Sabina put her arms on the table and stared down its satiny length. She had seen, in the moments that Michael defied her, a ghost of her husband Cyrus. Never before had she realized how much Michael could look like his grandfather.

" Cyrus used to look at me just like that," she said to herself, " when I would argue with him and make him so mad he could do nothing but come over and kiss me."

She sighed and let her shoulders droop as if the memories of the years were too heavy to carry. She wished suddenly that Michael had kissed her before he slammed the door. It had been a long time since he had kissed her. She closed her eyes, then opened them and frowned, annoyed that she should be concerned with any suggestion of affection. She went upstairs to her bedroom and rang for Annie.

Annie was past fifty, flat-footed and plain-spoken. She had spent thirty of her years in Sabina's service and she had no illusions about her mistress. She was personal maid, companion, and confidante; she took liberties which strangers could not understand Sabina allowing. But Sabina and Annie understood each other.

Annie appeared and stood silent and solemn. Sabina was looking into the long mirror over her dressing table.

" Annie," she said, still looking into the mirror, " am I a dowdy old woman? "

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Annie bristled visibly. "Who says so?" she demanded.

"Michael. He said I was the worst dressed woman he knew."

Annie had a great love for Michael. She said cautiously, "Well, you don't look like Norma Shearer."

"Who is she?" Sabina wanted to know.

Annie sighed, surprised at such ignorance.

"And you don't have to wear your hair slicked back like a washerwoman's," she added.

Sabina glared at Annie's reflection in the mirror and fluffed her hair over her ears.

"And your hats—" Annie continued, taking advantage of the subject. She made a funny noise against her teeth. "They got no right to be called hats. And you don't wear 'em. You just set 'em on your head and take 'em out for a walk."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Sabina said.

"I did. But it didn't do no good."

Sabina sighed and ran her hand over the dark dress she wore.

"WELL," she said, "I suppose you'd better call Miss Simmons and have her make me some new clothes."

Annie shook her head.

"Miss Simmons can't make new clothes. She's been making the same dress for you for ten years."

Sabina nodded absently and moved to a big chair. She suddenly seemed very tired.

"Where did he go, Annie?" she said presently.

"Who? Michael? I heard him phoning Mr. George Dyckman. Then he threw some clothes in a bag and left."

"Hm-m-m. Flying around in that plane with George Dyckman. He'll break his fool neck some day! Well, I can't worry about him." Sabina moved her hands along the arms of the chair. "Where did you say he went?"

"I didn't say."

"But you heard him talking to George. Didn't he say where he was going?"

"He just said, 'I'll meet you in thirty minutes,'" Annie stated. "But from the way he slammed doors he won't be coming back soon."

Sabina bit her lip.

"But don't you be worrying," Annie said consolingly.

"Who's worrying?" Sabina demanded. "Why should I worry about him? I have too much on my mind."

"That's the trouble," Annie said complacently.

Sabina glared. "Oh, bring me some coffee—and don't bother me. Tell Sutten I want the car at three."

"You ought to have a new car. That old one ain't safe to drive in," Annie said over her shoulder as she went out.

Sabina tapped her foot impatiently. Then she sat quietly for a long time, staring into space. There were so many things to think about, so many things to be done. The rest of the week passed slowly. Each day Sabina made discreet inquiries about Michael. No one had heard from him. She phoned George Dyckman's apartment and was told that Mr. Dyckman was out of town. Then she went about her business as usual, going to her bank, consulting with her lawyer. Sunday morning she phoned John to remind him that he was to go to Buck River City.

Michael put his arms around her, kissed her roughly. Tears came into her eyes.

A long-distance call came from John Tuesday afternoon. Sabina was waiting for it.

"Yes, John. What is it? . . . They're all away? . . . How many shares did you buy?" She made hurried figures on a pad. "That gives us about twelve per cent. Just odd lots! And I've already asked the stockholders of the Buck River Railroad to meet here on Friday. . . . What? . . . Yes, you might as well come home. You're doing no good down there."

Sabina laid down the telephone and smiled. She was still smiling when Annie came into the room with two boxes, huge black-and-silver-striped boxes with flat black ribbons across the ends.

"You been buying clothes?" Annie said.

"You told me I needed them."

"Michael told you," Annie said as she lifted the cover of a box. She held up a green satin evening gown that had practically no back. "My Gawd! You can't wear this with your corsets."

"I don't intend to."

Annie made the funny noise against her teeth.

"Don't act foolish, Annie," Sabina said with a little edge to her voice. "I bought that dress so I can go out with Michael."

"Go out where?" Annie wanted to know. "You haven't even heard from him."

"But I know where he is—and furthermore I'm going out with him Friday evening. Hang up those dresses."

"You got shoes to match?"

"Yes."

Annie was silent for a moment. Then, "If I was Michael I wouldn't come back here. I told him to go get an apartment and I'd come take care of him."

Sabina whirled quickly. "Stop talking nonsense! You'll do no such thing."

"Well—" Annie hesitated, looked at Sabina, looked at the green gown. She smiled faintly. "It is pretty—that soft green—"

"Yes," Sabina said; "it's lovely. She told me it was just the right color."

SABINA, wearing one of her new frocks, her hair beautifully waved, was waiting in the library Friday when John Crestwood arrived promptly at twelve.

"Sorry, Sabina," he said in his dry voice, "but I could not find Leeds or Comstock or that other one. They were out of town. But I bought up—"

"I know exactly what you bought. What good is that little dab of stock?"

"But, Sabina, if that Stavemeyeer sale hadn't been postponed— Oh—er—er—you've changed!"

"No. I just put on some decent clothes."

"Well, I must say they're becoming."

David and Emory came in. David made a charming remark about Sabina's appearance, and Emory said:

"Is it somebody's birthday? I thought it was a meeting of the stockholders of the Buck River Railroad."

"At this moment it is a meeting of those who have twelve per cent of the stock," Sabina corrected.

"Then what good will it do—" Emory began.

The opening of the door stopped his inquiry. Michael, looking a little tired, walked in with the loveliest-looking girl ever seen in the Crestwood library.

"Good morning," Michael said cheerfully. He stared at Sabina. "Why, Duchess, you look marvelous! You look twenty years younger. May I present Miss Barrett?"

Sabina smiled at Marna Barrett. The men rose and bowed. Then Emory, officious as usual, spoke:

"Er—we're very glad to have Miss Barrett here, Michael, but this is a stockholders' meeting—"

Michael interrupted: "That's one reason Marna is here. If you don't mind, I'll take charge of this meeting."

Marna dropped into a chair beside David. Michael laid a packet of stock certificates on the table.

"Here," he said, "is sixty-eight per cent of the stock, which *I* own. And here"—he laid another certificate on the table—"is another ten per cent. It belongs to Marna. And I'm voting the whole seventy-eight per cent. And I'm voting for myself as president, general manager, and what have you, of the thirty-two-mile Buck River Railroad. I'm elected. And if you want to buy it you'll pay my price. And if you want to haul your cars over that line you'll pay my freight charges. Your old contract is canceled."

"This is outrageous!" John stormed. "It's—"

"It's business," Michael said quietly. "I'm going to run that road and make money out of it because of your mines. You can't get the ore out of the valley any other way. I've been to Washington to see the commission, and I can straighten up the passenger business and scrap half the rolling stock, and then—"

TAYLOR BYNUM

is a Mississippian by birth but a Gothamite by adoption as he has lived in New York for the last eight years. Sold his first story in 1929 and his first novel, Audacious Fool, in 1931. He worked in the editorial department of Fox Films for two years, but is now writing fiction.

EMORY, remembering the push in the face, rose.

"This," he said, with a disdainful flip of his hand toward Michael, "is incredible. You've double-crossed the family, but you won't get away with it. You didn't have money enough to buy that stock, and I, for one, demand—"

"You have nothing to do with it," Michael said.

"Sit down, Emory," Sabina commanded. "I'm still capable of managing affairs here. We had a chance to buy that stock, but we missed it." She looked at John accusingly. "Michael didn't wait for a sale of porcelain, so I'll have to come to terms with him."

John and Emory and David looked at one another.

"I'd like to talk with Michael," Sabina said. "You stay, please, Miss Barrett."

David patted his son's shoulder and followed John and Emory out of the room. The door closed.

Sabina put her finger tips together and smiled.

"Think you're pretty smart, don't you, young fellow?"

Michael grinned. "No. But you think I'm pretty lousy, don't you?"

Sabina smiled. "No."

"You see, Duchess," Michael said, "I—I did think I was a pretty smart little boy to beat the family to that stock; but on second thought—"

"What?" Sabina asked gently.

"WELL, I want to know why you had that Stavemeyeer auction postponed until Saturday. I know because Marna heard a woman in her shop talking about your high-handed methods. You own the building where the auction was held. And I want to know why it was so easy for me to get the money, and why you so carefully called the names of the stockholders, knowing that I was in the other room listening, and why—"

Sabina leaned forward, showing every sign of indignation.

"Are you insinuating that I planned this coup for you?" she demanded. "How dare you! Accusing me of—"

"But, Duchess, I know you—"

"Be quiet! You'll talk when I'm ready for you to talk." She saw his eyes narrow to dark slits. "And I'll show you what an incompetent infant you are." Deliberately she goaded him until she could see the tips of his white teeth through his parted taut lips. "Do you think you can talk to me like this? That you can accuse me of such a thing? Why, I'll ruin your toy railroad and break you into a thousand pieces. You signed demand notes for that money and I have the notes. If I call that loan, where will your toy railroad be?"

Michael's anger seemed to bleach his healthy tanned face. He took a step forward—then stopped, rigid, against the table, as Sabina hurled another gibe. She laughed scornfully. That laugh got under Michael's skin.

"Sometimes, Duchess," he said through clenched teeth, "you make me so damned mad"—he put his arms around her, kissed her roughly—"there's nothing else I can do."

Sabina threw her arm over his shoulder and held his head against her head. Tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, Michael, Michael!" she said brokenly. She wanted to tell him that he was the only thing in the world that she loved. Instead she brushed furtively at her tears, as if she were ashamed of them, and said, "I told you he was a great boy, Marna."

Marna Barrett came to the table, looked down at Sabina, and said, "We agreed on that."

Michael started, looked inquiringly at Sabina.

"Of course." Sabina smiled and patted his hand. "When I learned that you were in love with Marna Barrett, didn't you know I was going

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to find out who Marna Barrett was?"

"But you said—"

"I know what I said. If I had agreed with you, you would have thought something was wrong. But"—Sabina sighed with happiness—"you and I can run that railroad. Now let's go somewhere for lunch."

She rang. Annie appeared silently and Sabina said, "Come get me dressed, Annie. We're going out."

When Sabina disappeared up the steps, Annie whispered to Michael, "She bought fourteen dresses, and a new car, and now she's going to get dressed up like a débutante." Shaking her head, Annie followed her mistress.

MICHAEL laughed and Marna said: "I sold her the best-looking things in the shop. And how she wears them! She's a grand person, Michael."

Michael grinned sheepishly. "And smart as hell."

Sabina was at her mirror when Annie came in.

"Well," she said triumphantly, "I made something out of Michael. First time in fifteen years a male Crestwood has used his head. But I almost made him hate me while I was doing it."

"No," said Annie; "he was just doing what you wanted him to. He ain't so dumb that he didn't know it. That girl had something to do with it."

"What do you think of her?" Sabina said.

"Sweet and pretty as I ever laid eyes on. He won't fight with her, but she'll handle him all right. Not like you. Some women is different."

Sabina frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Well, there's more ways of killing a cat than choking it on butter."

"I suppose you're right." Sabina sighed and her tone changed. "You should have seen his eyes, Annie, when he was mad—just before he kissed me." Her eyes smiled. "He's so much like his grandfather!"

Annie had known Cyrus Crestwood. She said, "That's the trouble. You are going to have your hands full."

"What of it?" Sabina demanded. "I started this rebellion and I'm going to make it a good one. Get me that black satin with the silver fox. Are you going to keep the president of a railroad waiting all afternoon?"

THE END

SCRAMBLED WORDS

TOO BAD WE AIN'T SET DOWN ON TH' OTHER SIDE O' TH' HOUSE, SON— IT'S SHADY OVER THERE!
©JOSEPH HAZARIS
SCRAMBLE RETINA, WITH AN I AND GET THAT SUMMER FEELING

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

The answer will be found on page 56

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **RIDERS OF THE SKY** by Leighton Brewer. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A joy to read. A story, told in blank verse, of American flyers during the war. This is poetry not ashamed to belong to its own time. As exciting as a magazine serial, as factual as a case history, as beautiful as only true song can be.

★ ★ ★ **THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE AND OTHER STORIES** by William Saroyan. Random House.

A book to create a pardonable furor. More poetry than prose. More fact than poetry.

★ ★ **THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE** by Grace Livingston Hill. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A Cinderella story. A young man, made rich overnight by oil wells, plays Prince Charming to a starving beautiful girl. An hour of light reading.

★ ★ **KIPPY OF THE CAVENDISH** by Flora Merrill. Robert M. McBride & Co.

Kippy is a hotel dog. He is wise, knows all the answers, and is devoted to his mistress and some of the guests. The famous personalities in his life are especially interesting seen through the bowwow's eyes.

Fantasy, Fable, Fun

A Thrilling Tale of the Future; a Remarkable Woodland Film; Mr. Fields Again—and, Alas, an Unglamorous Garbo

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor 0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ THE PRESIDENT VANISHES

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Arthur Byron, Janet Beecher, Paul Kelly, Peggy Conklin, Rosalind Russell, Sidney Blackmer, Douglas Wood, Andy Devine, Walter Kingsford, DeWitt Jennings, Osgood Perkins, Charley Grapewin, Charles Richman, Robert McWade. Directed by William Wellman. Story Anonymous.

MOST studios consider themselves lucky to turn out an occasional film which has any element of timeliness. But producer Walter Wanger goes one better and hazards a guess at the future. Basing its prediction on the turbulent world-wide unrest of the post-boom era, The President Vanishes gives a forecast of events to come. And whether or not it contains any accuracy, the film remains the most violent, exciting, fearful, intelligent—but not "arty"—political film of this or any other season.

The story is laid sometime in the near future, and in a highly graphic rapid fashion it presents an America shaken with political and economic strife, an America with its classes fighting each other for existence, and ready, even anxious, to begin war with a foreign power.

With capitalists and munition makers poisoning the public with war propaganda, and Reds, organized "Gray Shirts," and flag-wavers tearing at its structure, a wise, kindly, and overworked President is the sole hope of safe guidance for the people. And then, in his time of greatest need, the President vanishes—kidnaped.

Five years ago much of this film would have seemed fantastic and unfounded. But now its message is uncomfortably based on past headlines even more fantastic than its glimpse of the future. Even without its social significance, The President Vanishes is so shrewdly conceived and so soundly presented that it stands by itself as a mystery melodrama of high suspense and swift vigorous action.

Paul Kelly, Arthur Byron, Janet Beecher, Andy Devine, and Edward Arnold give competent performances; but it is the picture itself which dominates them all. And for a truly thrilling and intelligent evening of rough-riding action we give it our unqualified recommendation.

VITAL STATISTICS: Film produced by Walter Wanger, of the successful San Franciscan (Feucht)wangers, which means Wet Cheeks. Wanger is a Dartmouth grad; crashed the theater, producing Nazimova in 'Ception Shoals; married the gorgeous blonde of his day—Justine Johnson; has no children; has made a fortune as combination Lord Wellington, Lord Rosebery, and Baron Rothschild of the motion-picture companies. Recently produced Garbo's arties. His temperament is mercurial and always exciting. . . . Edward Arnold got his first acting opportunity in a New York settlement house. Played in the old Essanay comedies, and in stock with Mary Miles Minter. . . . Arthur Byron has been leading man for Amelia Bingham and Mary Mannering. Don't tell me you can remember back *that* far! . . . Paul Kelly was born across the street from Brooklyn's old Vitagraph studios, started in films at seven, and served an apprenticeship in The Bard's Repertory. . . . Peggy Conklin is a new Wanger find (he found Chevalier, Mary Astor, and many others for the films), and hails from Staten Island, New York, where she keeps her pet Scottie, Mike. Defied Wanger and forced him to strike a no-babies-or-marriage clause from her contract. Is Broadway-stage-trained. Removes her shoes between scene takes and wriggles her tootsies straight ahead of her, claiming it helps her concentrate. Curiously, K. Cornell, Pat Paterson, Margaret Sullavan, and others all have this habit. . . . Andy Devine has had his fling at pro football, life-guarding, coast-guarding, and other nondescriptisms. Born in Flagstaff, Arizona, he spent his early years in developing his physique, to make a fine début in The Collegians. . . . Janet Beecher at eighteen played a gray-haired old mother in a stage début for the late Belasco. Comes from Jefferson City, Missouri, and numbers Harriet Beecher Stowe in the family rogues' gallery. . . . Director William Wellman is known as Wild Bill because of his wartime air exploits with the Lafayette Escadrille. His body is a mass of silver plates and braces.

★ ★ ★ SEQUOIA

THE PLAYERS: Jean Parker, Russell Hardie, Samuel S. Hinds, Paul Hurst, Ben Hall, Willie Fung, Harry Lowe, Jr. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. From the novel Malibu, by Chester M. Franklin.

THERE has never been another picture quite like Sequoia. Though highly sentimentalized and weakened somewhat by the trite activities of the humans, it remains one of the most interesting stories ever filmed. It has really two plots. One tells of people—forest rangers, hunters, and a girl of the woods. This one is nothing more than

Above: Jean Parker and Russell Hardie in the unique picture Sequoia.

Left: Paul Kelly and Arthur Byron as seen in The President Vanishes.

Right: Stooge and comic in It's a Gift—Tammany Young and W. C. Fields.

SAY, LOOK AT JOHNNY WITH THAT NEW SLED AND SNAPPY SWEATER!
YEAH, AND YESTERDAY HE HAD SOME HOCKEY SKATES. HE'S GOT A BICYCLE AND A BASKETBALL, TOO.
AND THE SPENDING MONEY HE HAS! I WISH I COULD TREAT THE GANG THE WAY HE DOES!
HE GETS ALL THAT STUFF —THE SLED, 'N SKATES, 'N BICYCLE FREE! HE TOLD ME. HE SAYS HE FILLED OUT A COUPON IN LIBERTY.
Kasper
HERE'S THE COUPON— MAIL IT TODAY!

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Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

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the elementary sort of business that went on in the old Rin Tin Tin films.

But the other story—that of a puma and a deer—is certainly as touched with humor, drama, pathos, and a tender beauty as any fable yet concocted in a studio conference room. These animals, natural enemies, are raised together by a young woman, Jean Parker. Warned that the puma will kill the deer in time, but convinced that animals are enemies through the necessity of living rather than any sadistic urge, the young woman keeps them together.

The novel experiment works splendidly until the puma sneaks out of the house to kill a pig. This atavism forces the girl to release both animals back to the wilds, but it doesn't end their friendship. They continue to roam the woods together, and in the amazing scenes where they trot about side by side Sequoia has its greatest interest. All the scenes of wild life are beautifully done, with a deep understanding of the animals, and catches them in a gamut of expressions and moods.

The film reaches a rather forced climax in the hunting season, which is so much fun for the hunters but not exactly a picnic for the deer. While the rather forced rescue sequence in which the puma saves the deer from the hunters seems a bit phony, so much of Sequoia is superb that the film is one of the cinema achievements of the year.

VITAL STATISTICS: Russell Hardie is a home-town boy from Buffalo, New York, the town that gave us Kitty Cornell and Norman Anthony. Father Hardie was, and still is, a horseshoer. Russell attended Buffalo's Canisius College and later St. Mary's, but always wanted to be a mime. Cannot explain his yen: there are no hams in his fambly tree. . . . Jean Parker is not her real name; she is Polish-French Californian, and her Art is still more to her than Love. . . . Samuel S. Hinds used to be a Los Angeles lawyer till bad business drove him into the movies. . . . The sequoia is the largest tree in the world; commonly known as the redwood. It grows to hundreds of years old and has more rings than Peggy Joyce. It often takes a tree surgeon years to perform a tree appendectomy. The midget sequoias are bigger than Carnera.

★★ IT'S A GIFT

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Jean Rouveral, Julian Madison, Kathleen Howard, Tommy Bupp, Tammany Young, Baby LeRoy, Morgan Wallace, Charles Sellon. Directed by Norman McLeod. Story by Charles Bogle and J. P. McEvoy.

IT'S A GIFT offers funny man W. C. Fields a chance to do all his old tricks, and he's still doing them as adroitly as ever. This time he's seen as a henpecked husband whose dream it is to sell his neighborhood grocery store and move to an orange grove in California.

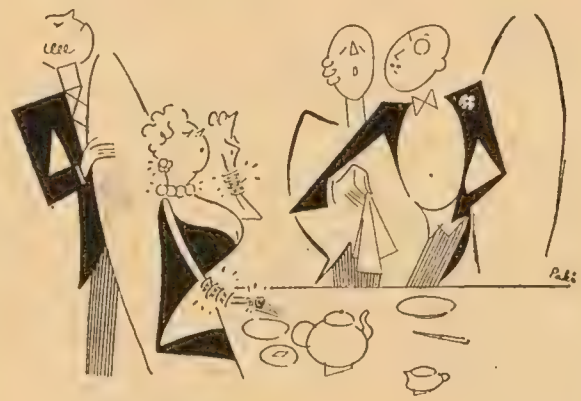
Fields addicts will find the bulbous-schnozzled comic in almost every foot of the film, making lines sound funnier than they really are and dispensing his inimitable brand of repressed ire. Kathleen Howard appears as his shrewish frau, and Julian Madison and Jean Rouveral (a newcomer) supply what will have to be called love interest. Fields's *bête noir*, Baby LeRoy, is seen briefly, too. But none of the minor characters matter much.

The picture is all Fields, and while it's not up to the mirthy standard of his last few items, It's a Gift is light, amiable, and unimportant fare which will please his ardent fans and satisfy those to whom he is just another comedian.

VITAL STATISTICS: Once again W. C. Fields takes up the cudgels with Baby LeRoy and continues their feud. Fields expects to duel him with water pistols any dawn now. Tammany Young is in the film too, as Field's new stooge. Fields, during filming, has a special baby spot aimed at his famous schnozzola to bring it out in its lovely red fury. Often locks himself in his dressing room for three days, plays the phonograph and keeps temperamental. . . . Tammany Young's chief duties of stoogedom are to keep Fields supplied with matches, push chairs under him, not pull any out, provide Fields with cigars, and carry away his dead. . . . Buster, the dog who can read, is featured in the film. Is a pedigreed mutt and can read any of eight specially lettered cards. . . . Kathleen Howard has sung at the Metropolitan and was once fashion editor of a national magazine. . . . Fields's theme song for his new orange ranch is Orange Juice Sorry You Made Me Cry. . . . Fields once headlined the Folies Bergère in Paris, with Charles Chaplin on the same bill in a minor number. Once Chaplin sat in a box and only shot putty wads at the actors.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



NAPKIN LORE

When dining out in public places—
Evening pants or flowing laces—
Leave your napkin when you're through
Anywhere in public view.
Do not stop to smooth or fold it—
Doubtless you've before been told it—
But drop it as you abdicate
Carelessly beside your plate.

The napkin at home is another matter.

★ THE PAINTED VEIL

THE PLAYERS: Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, George Brent, Warner Oland, Jean Hersholt, Katherine Alexander, Cecilia Parker, Soo Yong, Forrester Harvey. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Novel by Somerset Maugham.

WHILE the gaunt and glamorous Garbo was on her last Continental vacation rumor had it that she had deserted the cinema forever. Perhaps, as the one woman of the screen who has a chance for immortality, she should have.

For since her return she has made two pictures, Queen Christina, and her latest, The Painted Veil, and neither does anything to further her career.

Queen Christina was a sometimes beautiful but not always convincing offering which did her no real harm. But The Painted Veil, it seems to us, has nothing.

It is, to be brutally frank, merely dull.

The picture suffers mostly from story trouble, and the turgid direc-

tion which prolongs medium close-ups of conversing actors does nothing to divert attention from the essential falseness of the plot. Beneath their theatric nobility the characters are but ordinary people. We do not object to the portrayal of people of average stature as such, but we do object strenuously to having them palmed off as great.

There is not a sympathetically drawn person in the film. Garbo plays a woman who marries for security and proves unfaithful on her honeymoon. George Brent claims to be in love with Garbo but will not go to the trouble of divorcing his wife for her. Herbert Marshall is almost sympathetic, but he too nullifies this when, learning of his wife's moral lapse, he takes her to a cholera-ridden district to expose her to death.

Seen with detachment and bitter irony by Somerset Maugham, they attained a certain psychologic interest. But in the film they are merely three heels who succeed in messing their lives and a moving picture.

But to pass these people off as glamorous and worth mimicking to impressionable schoolgirls strikes us as indecent. Somehow, contrasting these petty bickering people against the disease-ridden Chinese village with its continual fight for life has served only to emphasize the conceit of their egos and the shallowness of their problems.

VITAL STATISTICS: That most exhibitionistic of sexclusive creatures, Greta Garbo was born on the South Side of Stockholm, Sweden, on September 18, 1906, under the name of Gustafson. Father died when she was fourteen, driving her to work to earn money for her penniless family. Later got a job selling hats in a ladies' dep't store. Posed for a hat ad; the picture boosted sales. Greta got made into a movie hat model. A motion-picture director saw the film and suggested dramatic school for her. Courageously she ditched her job and embraced the grease paint. Ace Swedish Director Maurice Stiller discovered her for a small part and changed her into the elusive Garbo. Came here in 1925 unable to speak a word of English. Stiller was rumored her dream man and his suicide has been linked with a broken heart. She and Gilbert took up the tortured romance of the screen and put it into real life. That broke to bits and the silents gave way to the talkies, and the problem became to make this shy retiring Swedish girl, now an international star, to talk. "Garbo talks" became a national catch phrase when she finally spoke in Anna Christie. Then came "I tank I go home," a satire on her social habits, which included going for long walks in the rain in wet-smelling tweeds. Her life is probably the most open book in the world but with uncut edges—something like a mystery story that is never solved. On one of her incognito vacation trips into the Hollywood wild environs she was accompanied by Rouben Mamoulien, her director. Marriage rumors fled thick and fast, but the heat has died out of the connection. She is a mystery to her companions in her pictures. Wallace Beery played in Grand Hotel without laying eyes on her. Will allow no one on her set. Often she forces the director to leave the set while she is making a heavy emoting scene. Only William Daniels, her cameraman, remains. She hides between scenes in a portable dressing room she totes around with her, guarded by burly policemen—visitor protection. Lives very simply in Beverly Hills. Has three servants: chauffeur, maid, and cook. Her chauff carries a gun. Her living expenses are rumored about $125 a week. Her present boy friend: George Brent, who's kissed her a-screen. Her feet are not large for her size, all joking to the contrary. She is five feet six and wears a size 7AA shoe. Gets that scandalous $375,000 a year, and has an inferiority complex you can cut with an ax. Hm-m—$375,000 a year and an inferiority complex! Hm-m!

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century.

★★★—College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama.

John Lawrence Johnston to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast December 13

JOHN LAWRENCE JOHNSTON, president of the Lambert Company, will be Liberty's guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast on Thursday, December 13.

As Liberty's guest speaker Mr. Johnston will take his listeners backstage and show them how the wheels of advertising turn, and why—and to what a degree our civilization depends upon this great force.

He knows whereof he speaks—for in 25,000,000 American homes the familiar products of his company are known and used — and advertising played a great part in putting them there.

A banker since the start of his career, he is also a director in a number of corporations.

His radio talk will be preceded by Edwin C. Hill's dramatic narratives, and by the music of Edward Nell, noted barytone, and the Arnold Johnson orchestra.

The program will be broadcast over the Columbia network at 8.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, and will be heard over these stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

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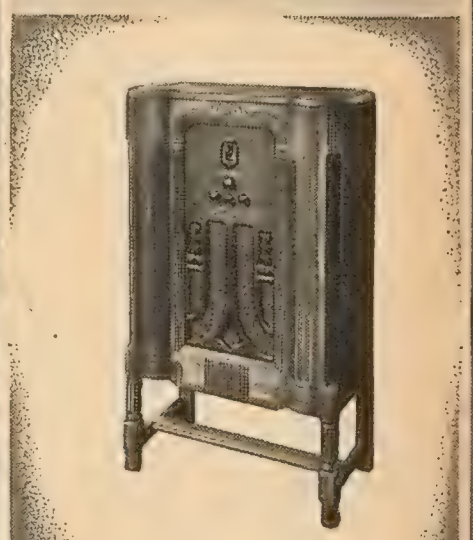

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Vox

LANDSLIDE

IRVINGTON, N. Y.—Bernarr Macfadfen's editorial in November 17 Liberty, The Constitutionality of the NRA, was especially good. But was he right when he said, " The country has implicit trust in President Roosevelt " ?

The November elections, while a Democratic landslide, were not necessarily an indorsement of the New Deal and the President. The great mass of voters are still confused and lack an understanding of the many serious and alarming conditions confronting this country and the world in general. They voted, feeling that things couldn't be any worse, no matter which party is in.

Everybody is hoping for the best under Roosevelt; but if the best does not materialize, there will be another landslide in the voting at the next Presidential election, and it won't be Democratic. —*H. A. M. E.*

HARRISBURG, PA.—I most heartily agree with Bernarr Macfadden's statement in November 17 Liberty, " We still believe that the problems oppressing the American people today, not only in California but in all the sovereign states, can be solved by a return to sound business principles, open competition, and the old-fashioned wisdom of common sense."—*W. F. Miller.*

UNCANNY

TORONTO, ONT.—The most amazing feature of Liberty is the uncanny way in which it predicts important events. Its editorial staff must be comprised of seers. Two of the most outstanding events were the Nazi situation in Germany, which appeared in Liberty weeks in advance of the newspapers, and the bank crisis in the United States, which again was predicted months before it happened.

I don't know how Liberty does it, but keep it up. I'm watching to see whether it is going to predict a war. If it does I'll have plenty of time to remove myself to some remote part of this globe before it is officially declared.—*L. D. A.*

START AT THE END

CHICAGO, ILL.—What good does it do me to run across Liberty's table of contents on the last page after having read the whole magazine?—*J. B. Ryan.*

BIT INTO A LEMON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It seems to me that in writing Is This the American Girl? (November 3 Liberty) Elsie Robinson bit into a lemon and forgot to pull her teeth out. I'm twenty-seven, can cook, sew, crochet, have two children whom I love dearly, like to dance (to the radio), neither drink nor smoke, and can make some mean apple pies. There are countless women who probably possess virtues that would make mine look sick.

Every generation has its hurdy-gurdy girls, but give our young people good security and you will see good results.—*Ruth C. Davenport.*

DENVER, COLO.—Let's have more of the same brand of the simple truth about other phases of modern life as Elsie Robinson gave us in her article, Is This the American Girl?—*Al Nilles.*

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Three cheers for Elsie Robinson!—a woman who has the nerve to say what every young man who has been around knows only too well. Admittedly there are an unusually large number of single men, but it isn't because of the depression that they have refused to take one of these giddy painted girls of today as a wife.—*J. L. H.*

TORONTO, ONT.—Miss Robinson may be right about modern girls, but I'd hate to think of a world of cotton stockings and rice powder.—*Satisfied Male.*

[Other interesting letters on Elsie Robinson's article have come from Cecil Johnson, Houston, Tex.; Ina Bell, Calgary, Alta.; N. Klee, Hollywood, Calif.; Waldo Karr, Elkhorn, W. Va.; Gertrude Fish, Roselle Park, N. J.; M. F. L., La Porte, Ind.; Leysa Reese MacNeal, Newark, Del.; Miss H. G. Brandell, Kansas City, Mo. Sorry we can't give the whole two pages of Vox Pop to more of these letters.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

RUNNING OFF MICKEY MOUSE

CASSVILLE, MO.—Being a motion-picture operator, I'd like to correct Beverly Hills on his (or her) estimate of the speed used in running off a Mickey Mouse picture. In his (or her) write-up it was stated that fifteen minutes were required to run 750 feet of film. That is wrong.

Film travels through the projection machine at the rate of 93 feet per minute, or about eight minutes for 750 feet. —*Kirby Brooks.*

GIRLS WILL GO CRAZY

MONTREAL, QUE.—I see that a number of people want previous copies of Liberty so as to read The Bachelor Prince, by Frazier Hunt. They are greatly disappointed, as your supply has exhausted itself, so I am coming to their aid with a bright suggestion.

Why not publish a book on his life? I'm sure it will sell big. I'm also sure all the girls in the United States will go crazy (if they are not already crazy) to get their copies of it.—*E. L. Hann.*

WITCH OR BLACK CAT?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—As instructor in cartooning and comic illustration for the University of Southern California, I wish to compliment Liberty on its November 3 cover by Vernon Grant.

Taking the cover to my class, we discussed its sales appeal as a cover, also its excellence of humorous human interest, and fine points of its artistic execution.—*Frank F. Greene, National Executive Secretary, the Society of American Commercial Artists.*

MONTREAL TO SYDNEY

MONTREAL, QUE.—I mail my copies of your excellent magazine to my father in Sydney, Australia, and have been doing so for five years. Said magazine is very much enjoyed.—*H. Moutrie.*

MORE NON-RAISERS

CHICAGO, ILL.—That Non-Hog-Raiser's story in November 10 Vox Pop about a Kentucky friend whom the government paid $1,000 for not raising hogs, after he had been able to make only $400 by raising them, made me see red. The government pays $5 per head for seventy-five per cent of hogs raised for market, so if the Kentuckian got $1,000 for not raising 500 hogs in 1934, he would have had to raise an average of 667 in 1932 and 1933.

Four hundred dollars for 667 hogs. Just think of that! Hogs have been cheap but not that cheap. My advice to Non-Hog-Raiser is that he stay where he is and continue building air castles instead of going into the business of non-hog-raising.—*H. Gilbert.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I am much in sympathy with Non-Hog-Raiser of Hickory, North Carolina. Perhaps he can also perfect a nonventilating system on the Canadian border and thus give the United States a milder winter.—*Texas Tax Toter.*

SAVANNAH, GA.—The Non-Hog-Raiser might try to convince the government that though he has no chattel he deserves $1,000 per year for the great public service of not raising snakes.—*Pag.*

WHAT! NO SINKS?

VILLANOVA, PA.—The people of the United States boast about the standard of living which Americans have attained.

Yet 20 per cent of the homes in America are without kitchen sinks, 39 per cent are without electric lights, and 60 per cent are without a refrigerator of any kind.—*A. C. Wagner.*

COCKEYED IN EIGHT MINUTES

FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—I have been much amused by all the discussion about the Cockeyed Puzzles and especially so by Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Gibson's letter in October 20 Vox Pop. While I have experienced no difficulty with the puzzles, averaging eight minutes per, it never occurred to me that this was any indication that I might be " smart." To the Gibsons' statement that " a few are smart and most are not " I might add that more think they are who are not. —*E. L. M.*

A NEW WIFE WITH EACH RENEWAL?

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Miss E. Snigg didn't realize how impractical she was when she suggested in November 10 Vox Pop a law to make compulsory the renewal of marriage licenses each year for public revenue. If people didn't choose to live together they simply wouldn't renew their licenses. Then what?

I think old maids and bachelors should be taxed, rather than add more tax burdens to married people who are struggling to keep their homes together and educate their children.—*Mrs. Jack C. Keister.*

Pop

FOUNTAIN CITY, WIS.—Miss E. Snigg sounds like an old maid to me. Fewer old maids sticking their noses into everybody's business (as they usually do) would be more beneficial to this country than the money an annual marriage license tax would provide.—*Mrs. J. W.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I approve of Miss E. Snigg's suggestion. If we had to renew our marriage licenses each year we would be able to acquire a new wife with each renewal.—*Miguel Garcia.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—If Miss Snigg's proposal to put marriage in the dog-and-vehicle class was adopted, then married couples would have to wear tags as evidence of the renewal of their marriage licenses. Husbands found without a tag would be incarcerated in a marital pound, there to be claimed within two weeks, or shot.—*G. N. P.*

HALIFAX, N. S.—Where did this lady come from who wants to see marriage licenses renewed every year? Is she sane or just a little bit off? A wife and family are encumbrance enough to a man without tying another stone around his neck.

However, God bless her! I know she means well.—*F. V. Coldham.*

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO—Do you suppose that if the right man happened to come into Miss Snigg's life she would want their love and marriage to be put into the same class as a dog or fish?—*Mabel Brown.*

RUSSIA'S POLICY REVERSED

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In his article, Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? (published in July 21 Liberty), I believe Matthew Woll wrote quite accurately of Communistic activities in this country. But what proof is there that this agitation is directed or financed by Soviet Russia? None that I can find.

During the first three years of the Soviet régime Russian Communist leaders, in the first flush of victory, advocated giving support to revolutionary groups in other countries. Their theory was that one Communist state could not exist in an otherwise capitalistic world. But this foreign policy was finally challenged by a strong group within the Russian Communists and the original policy was reversed. The principle was substituted that Russia could coexist as a Communist state with capitalist neighbors, and that in order to so exist Russia must keep hands off the internal affairs of other nations.

In answer to the question, "How can the American Communist Party maintain itself, if it is not financed by Moscow?" I have found that there is enough income from members' dues, large donations from wealthy radicals, and funds raised ostensibly for other purposes by a large number of allied organizations to pay the running expenses of the party. Most of the agitators work without pay.

As to my qualifications for writing on this subject, I visited Russia for several months in 1929 at the invitation of its Minister of Health, Professor Semashko, to study Soviet Russia's public health and medical régime. Upon my return to the United States I published several articles on my observations there. Also I organized in 1932 in San Francisco the American-Russian Institute for the promotion of cultural and economic relations between the two countries, and in 1933 assisted in organizing the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco.—*Ralph Arthur Reynolds, M.D.*

BORN WITH CLOTHES ON

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've been thinking about Mrs. P. G. Forester's question in September 15 Vox Pop, Why Are Babies Born Naked? and I'm just as puzzled as she is.

Some of the mothers spend so much time chewing the rag, it seems to me their babies ought to be born with clothes on.—*M. B. Baker.*

A MODEL CITIZEN

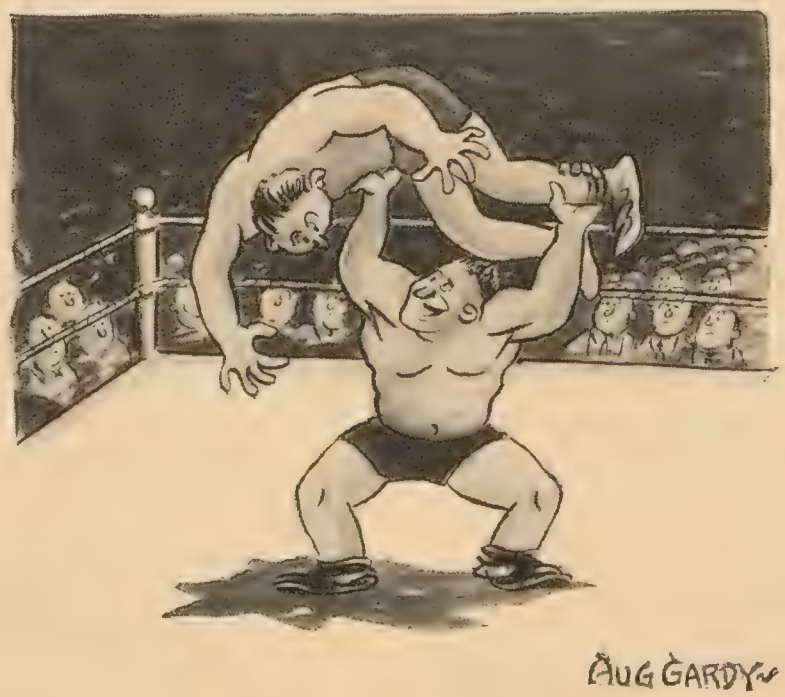
BOSTON, MASS.—Gerald Franklin in November 10 Vox Pop confesses to the fault of chip carrying. Of course we cannot all be perfect.

I believe that, in view of the present-day tendencies toward fault finding, fault exposing, and whining, a short summary of good qualities will prove refreshing.

Therefore I feel that in reciting some of my own virtues I shall be doing readers a great service. I am, I believe, as near perfect as is possible for a human. I rarely complain, though I often could. Have a fair job and good health. I am very intelligent and have many friends and admirers.

I am strict but not harsh, and although my word is law in my own home, I am not dictatorial. I have a sense of humor and an appreciation of good music and literature. I rarely make mistakes, am honest and of good moral conduct. Although much wiser than most of my acquaintances, I am not patronizing.

All in all, it is my sincere belief that what this country needs most is model citizens like myself. At times I actually envy my wife, strange as that may sound. For every once in a while I say to myself, "Gee! It must be wonderful to be married to a fellow like me!"—*A Model Citizen.*



"Heads or tails?"

REAL MAD DOGS

BERKLEY, MICH.—Liberty should offer $1,000 reward for the exposure and conviction of the country's real mad dogs—certain international bankers and grafting politicians. Thereby it would help society far more than by going after such morons as the Dillinger hoodlums.—*O. A. Brown.*

BOY, A NEW HAT FOR VOX POP

CHICAGO, ILL.—D. S. Gilmore of Colorado Springs was absolutely right when he wrote in November 3 Vox Pop that his hat is off to the Vox Pop Editor. Some editors would be absolutely sunk if they had to unscramble the mass of daily mail Vox Pop must surely receive. It should be hats off to you from every one!—*R. E. Reardon, the Reardon Company.*

WINTER FLANNELS

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Sixteen-year-old girls admitting in the public prints that they wear silk underwear! A fine state of affairs, I must say!

I refer to the letters in November 10 Vox Pop in which two young hussies brazenly set forth the details of being spanked. I say that a young girl—or any girl who wears silk underwear—should be spanked.

Good old common-sense red-flannel drawers were good enough for my grandmother and her grandmother and for my mother. They are good enough for me. I do not mean to infer, of course, that the same garments were handed down from one generation to another in my family.

Sensible undergarments for girls need not necessarily be red—or flannel. They may be any color, and of cotton or even a good grade of outing flannel.

Silk underwear! That's one of the very evils undermining the moral fiber today.

I am a sensible plain home body, but I know very well the insidious lure of silk. Straitlaced as I am, I know, the minute I clothed myself in such nefarious garb, there would be a weakening in all sense of moral restraint.—*Mrs. Lydia Reynolds.*

Hell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART SIX—HAND-TO-HAND WITH CUTTHROATS

I WELCOMED very eagerly the job that came to be known as the Relief of Tel Kala. After my release from that memorable shelf of rock there were many days of idleness. The boys of the Fourteenth Patrol filled in the restless hours with a great deal of banter and chaff regarding my adventure with the fascinating she-devil, Olga Radnowitz. The baiting went on for days and days. It was a damnably trying time, to say the least.

The patrol, I learned, had been searching for me among the hills for the better part of a fortnight. As soon as my disappearance had been noted, the Skipper had decided on the apparently hopeless task of trekking the mountains. They were on the point of giving up the search until they could call in the aid of the air patrol, when I was sighted. Their first impression of me from the distance was of a man attempting to hang himself.

Then followed three days in and around the abode of that strange woman. I was able to lead the patrol through the sheet of water that concealed the secret entrance. But we found the place completely deserted. There was not a sign of the bewitching mistress or any of her staff. Nor was there any indication of a hurried exit. The castle had been stripped of its movable furnishings—which had consisted largely of divans, cushions, and tapestries; the stables were empty, the stores and outbuildings cleared, so that they had the appearance of not having been used for years. Certainly madame had gone about her task of quitting with great deliberation and thoroughness. The strange pleasance was as silent as the grave.

"It doesn't look as if it had been inhabited in a hell of a time," quoth Bain.

And that, unfortunately for my account, was the general impression! In the circumstances, my story required a great deal of digesting!

Riders

Wings Over Tel Kala . . . Gyppo Goes West . . . Camel Hair, Dates, and Dope—Another Chapter of Thrills in a Stirring Saga of the Desert Patrol

The Skipper yelled to us to charge. "Come on, you dirty runts!" cried Bain, as we dashed straight into a bunch of Arabs, thrusting, lunging. They met us with knives.

When we returned to headquarters we were given orders to proceed toward Tel Kala with all possible speed. We were to join other patrols and make of ourselves a sort of army in the field. Which was quite a new stunt for us, since up to that time we had always worked as an independent unit.

There was a miniature war on.

"Tel Kala is in a state of siege," explained the Skipper as we proceeded in camel caravan toward the scene of action. "There's an emergency landing station of the Cairo-Bagdad air route on that historic mound. It is well off our usual track, but on account of the seriousness of the situation all sorts of armed forces are being drafted there."

The landing station was situated in the heart of country peopled by hostile tribes. The airdrome itself had been built inside a fortified station to house and protect the air-mail travelers. The fort contained underground stores, food and petrol, and considerable valuable property. There had grown up around it quite a colony of Arabs, who, having found the place immune from attack hitherto, had settled there to pursue their simple farming and peasant industries. Most of them, however, had joined the Kurds in their concentrated attack on the station!

Tel Kala was a mound of considerable extent in the middle of a group of low hills that were sparsely covered with stunted palm, bush, camel thorn, and sheep grazing. It was a difficult fort to approach, and one that should hold out as long as the supply of water did so.

There were, however, a great many hiding places among the adjacent hills and valleys. Our job was to help other contingents in clearing out these nooks and crannies, where the hostile natives appeared to have bedded in for a long stay. They amounted to quite an army of Arabian and Kurdish cutthroats, all intent upon plunder on a large scale.

We were loping along at a good speed toward the hills, perhaps four or five miles off, when a motor scout came into view. He handed a message to Armstrong and in a few moments was leading us up a stiff incline. At the top we came upon a great wide plateau. All manner of desert police and regular troops had pitched camp. Dusk was descending then and we found a corner of our own and settled in. The Skipper went along to the G. O. C. for a consultation. He presently returned and informed us that all was set for a big drive over the countryside.

The signal would be given at dawn. Then there would be a simultaneous march forward from all over the hills toward the fort. Our camels had been handed over to the oont wallahs. We were to advance over the treacherous hilly ground on foot. Every man of us in the Fourteenth looked forward to the skirmish with the liveliest anticipation. After our weeks of idleness, nothing could have pleased us more than a first-rate scrap!

WE had moved to our position a couple of hours before dawn and lay in the thick scrub awaiting the signal. Bain crouched within a yard of me. On the other side was Gyppo, nursing the butt of his brand-new nickel-steel Mauser. Beyond him the long lean Jap, then a line of Wahabis and Cossacks, with Armstrong somewhere in their midst. Every man a-tiptoe with anticipation, itching fingers about trigger guards. So around this chain of hills a long line of police and regulars was stretched out during the night.

That was the longest two hours I have experienced. At last a wisp of light appeared over the eastern skyline. Dawn was a matter of minutes now. It would come up suddenly, and we should crash into it with a crackling of rifles and Mausers. As the piercing whistle sounded, my heart leaped. I heard Bain's voice at my side. He was chuckling. We were stumbling down the mountain side, over a series of precipitous cliffs, toward the flat plain of the valley. Loose stones and boulders were crashing downward, sent flying from the hundreds of stumbling advancing feet, kicking up a terrific din.

Suddenly there was a roaring and yelling. Some of the advance line had already engaged the rebels. The sounds of rifle volleys mingled with the hoarse cries of men came from our left flank. Then I was aware of stealthy figures advancing toward my own section.

Rifles spat. We dropped for cover and gave them volley for volley.

What happened to the column after that we could only guess. We were far too busy attending to our own section of the line. Bullets were whistling all around us, and it was soon clear that we were up against a pretty big force of rebels. The Skipper yelled to us to charge.

"Come on, you dirty runts!" cried Bain, as we dashed straight into a bunch of Arabs.

Thereafter a general mix-up at close quarters, thrusting and lunging. Those rebels were a tough lot. They met us with knives and rifle butts, yelling and screaming like maniacs. The harder and closer the tussle, the louder their shouts. They were telling us that Allah was with them and all was well. And they kept on telling us. It

might have been laughable if it hadn't been so deadly earnest.

I had a blurred vision of whirling knives, bloodstained faces, foaming mouths, and fierce black eyes—all mixed up higgledy-piggledy. Then the man before me would give a grunt and sink. Instantly another would take his place and the crazy sparring and lunging would begin all over again.

We were hand-to-hand fighting among great boulders and thick bunches of camel thorn, stumbling here and there in the most disorderly sort of advance. The light was up and the surrounding country presented an amazing scene. We moved in inches from one spot of cover to another. We stumbled over dead and wounded, whether our own or the rebels' we could not stop to investigate. But we had the advantage of higher ground.

It looked at one moment as if we were to break the ranks of the rebels. But they were suddenly reënforced by another and bigger contingent of screaming, gesticulating figures. A hail of lead splashed among us, taking a number of our men. We had no option then but to drop down and take cover. The Skipper was yelling orders to stand fast and keep up the fire. We were, in short, in a damnably tight corner.

Suddenly the stammering rat-tat-tat-tat of a machine gun burst close to my ear. I swung my head around and saw from where I crouched that a couple of machine-gun crews had come to our aid. I lowered my gun and watched them spray the rebels. One after another the belts snaked through those stuttering guns, showering death and shattering all other sounds of battle.

The order was passed along that we should charge immediately the machine guns ceased fire. But there was ample cover and those brown devils took a lot of routing. We watched the bullets spatter and flatten against the great chunks of rock. Here and there a white-robed figure emerged, gun leveled for a second, then threw up its hands and flopped into the dirt. It was like watching some crazy game of Aunt Sally. The foolhardy Kurds were trying to get the machine gunners. But their sniping came to nothing. The guns did not pause for a second. More and more ammunition was sent up.

Then the rebels suddenly rushed from cover—what was left of them—and were careering crazily down the hillside. The machine guns ceased as suddenly as they had begun. We jumped to our feet and charged. Now began a mad race, the patrol firing from the hip as they staggered down the treacherous slope. Bain, I saw out of the corner of my eye, was still alongside, unhurt like myself. I could hear Armstrong's voice. Apparently he was still going strong. But of Gyppo there was no sign.

Arabian bandits are guileful rascals. This bunch had no intention of running away, in spite of their great losses. They realized then that there was nowhere to run; they were surrounded over a wide area and they knew it. Clearly it was their intention to fight to the last man rather than be cornered like rats in a trap.

BUT their maneuver in running away from the machine guns was merely to separate the patrol from the guns' support. They knew every inch of these treacherous valleys and plateaus, and as soon as they had drawn us sufficiently they turned like one man and opened a blazing fire. Down we went, throwing up what little breastwork and shelter we could while endeavoring to return their fire. There was, it seemed, still some possibility of this bunch breaking through our lines and making for the hilltop and the open country beyond, for by this time the machine gunners had gone to the assistance of another section.

The rapscallions had drawn us beautifully. We were checked on a more or less open plateau while they attacked from the shelter of a patch of wood! We were using every bit of scrub and stone, but at that, the position could not be tolerated for many minutes. I imagine the Skipper did some hard thinking. We must rush the open for five hundred yards or so before we could reach their shelter. Rush or stay put?

"More of them than we looked for," I called to Bain.

"I'll say! Gosh! Where's Gyppo?"

"Haven't seen him since we left the machine gunners."

For the next fifteen minutes we had a busy time. Then it came. Charge! We did. The Skipper was the first on his feet, racing ahead of his men across that open space. As I followed him I saw him stumble and flop into the dirt, and I thought he was finished. But as I reached his side he was up again and racing forward. One arm hung limp; in the other hand was a Mauser pistol, blazing away like hell. The rebels dropped four of our Cossacks as we leaped that intervening plateau.

Then we were in among them, stumbling through the little patch of trees and driving the devils before us. I felt a sudden hot sting in my neck. A bullet had grazed the skin. But there was no stopping to investigate. In a few moments we were through the trees and had driven the bandits on to a clearing. After that it was child's play. We had them on the run and kept them running. In the distance, less than half a mile away, was the landing station. All around us, emerging from gullies and dropping down the slopes like so many flies, were the other detachments of our column, each driving before it a ragged band of rebels!

THE Arabs, thoroughly cornered now on all sides, were prepared to fight to the death. In their eyes it was infinitely better than being taken alive and then suffering long imprisonment or worse.

So the sickening scrap went on and on wearily, right up to the walls of the station itself. Great ugly vultures were hovering. Some were already busy on the hillsides, and the sight was not pretty.

Then, suddenly, out of the blue, came other birds of the air, mechanical birds droning their way into this scene of slaughter and death. They were bombing planes. But they were powerless. Never a bomb was dropped. They could not scatter these bloodthirsty marauders without hitting us as well. So they just circled and hovered and waited. But I think it was the presence of these planes that finally broke the morale of the rebels. Ragged remnants threw down their arms, stood sullenly about—fatalists to the last, waiting to be shot.

A couple of hundred of them were rounded up and driven into the compound of the station and a strong guard posted. When we reached the fort the planes had come down, rations were being issued to hungry soldiers, medical officers were busy.

"What happened to Gyppo, Skipper?" I queried.

Armstrong, one arm in a sling, shook his head. He was lining up the Fourteenth for roll call. In addition to Gyppo, the missing included Tass the German, Pirando the Spaniard, Tsamorsui, the Jap, seventeen of the Cossacks, and five Wahabis. How many of them were wounded? How many dead?

Scout parties were being organized among the various companies. Every man of the Fourteenth who was not too badly wounded fell in for the search. It was a grim task. But it had to be done before nightfall. Neither dead nor wounded could be left to prowling jackals.

"But—Gyppo—" I muttered, as we trudged back.

"Yeah," commented Bain. "I guess I know how you feel, old boy. Quit worrying, though. We'll find him."

We did, in the end. He was a sight I shall never forget. The women of Kurdistan had been busy. He was dead. Even now I find it difficult to think of what that tough little wiry devil must have suffered in his last moments.

We buried him deep, with nothing to mark the spot. Armstrong was dumb. So was I. I guess we were both thinking of how we had slipped the Legion and trekked five days together, until thirst and the desert had almost got us. How little Gyppo had said again and again that he would go anywhere with "Amstring and Digger." Only a half-caste Egyptian, but, God in heaven, what a fighter! What a man!

Tass, our German member, went west also, but only after we had found him. He was half buried in the dirt, as if he had been trying to dig his own grave. He stared at us, his eyes eloquent with pleading. He was begging to be put out of his misery. So Armstrong gave him the merciful bullet between the eyes.

We were in time to save nine of the Cossacks. The others were dead or dying. We never found Pirando, the Spaniard, though we searched every inch of the ground.

The Skipper was to hold the main caravan until I turned up again.

We never learned what became of him. It was Bain who found his traditional enemy, Tsamorsui, the Jap. The Oriental had managed to crawl under a heap of boulders in spite of a shattered leg, and there he had lain. He spent the next three months in dock at Bagdad.

It was perhaps as well that at this period, after some few weeks' rest and reorganization at Ramadi, life suddenly became very hectic in the pursuit of hashish smugglers. The engagement helped one to forget to some extent the ghastly aftermath of Tel Kala.

The war that had been going on for many years had redoubled in intensity as the result of the activities all over Arabia of Cairo's Narcotic Intelligence Bureau. The half million or so of people in Egypt who were estimated to be regular hashish smokers were being recognized as a grave menace in the Near East. The traffic had grown to such an alarming extent that the powers decided to stamp it out once and for all. There was to be a huge drive extending from Bagdad to Khartoum.

The centuries-old caravan route between Bagdad and Damascus became the happy hunting ground for the Fourteenth Irak Patrol. We were loping across the desert wastes that border Mesopotamia and Syria when the familiar crack of rifles warned us that our two Wahabi scouts away on the horizon had made some sort of discovery. We raced toward them. They could not only read the tracks in the sand but determine by the hoof impressions just what sort of caravan had passed.

In this case the impression was that a string of twenty camels had recently crossed our path, but there was no sign that they carried heavy packs. Nevertheless we decided to trail them and investigate.

We followed the trail until well past noon. Then we came upon the parting of the ways. For some mysterious reason two of the camels in the caravan had shot off abruptly at right angles to the remainder. There were now two tracks. The difficulty was to know which one to follow. It was agreed that Armstrong should carry on with the patrol in the wake of the caravan and that I, taking half a dozen men, should follow the two camels. The Skipper was to hold the main caravan until I turned up again.

Thereupon I led my little party in the trail of the two that had so mysteriously left the caravan. We traveled at a good speed, for the track was simplified and easy to follow. After a couple of hours' hard loping we came to a break in the plains. The tracks led us into a wilderness of scrub and boulders. Here it was not so easy to keep on the trail of the two camels. We had perforce to walk warily. Eventually we came upon a walled village. The area was unfamiliar to me, and I wondered whether this village would prove hostile. We were then some sixty miles from the spot where we had left the patrol. We were half a dozen men against a village of probably two hundred.

A SURPRISE awaited us before we reached the village, however. We found two dead camels among the boulders. They had been killed within half an hour, for they were still warm. Huge patches of hair had been cut away from their sides. And that was significant—to a desert policeman searching for hashish traders!

As Bain remarked, " The Arab who'd do that *must* be desperate, huh? If I know anything about Arabs, they'd rather slaughter a brother than a camel."

Which was true. To an Arab, real wealth is measured in camels. Why had these two been killed? Their owner had seen us tailing him, obviously; had decided that the camels would give him away—doctored as they were; and had therefore abandoned the telltale beasts and got clear with the dope. He was somewhere in that village—carrying a quantity of hashish.

We lost the Arab's tracks in a medley of churned-up dust near the village gates, due to the constant passing

of people, camels, donkeys, and goats. We questioned the keeper at the gates. He received our queries with the usual sullen indifference. Bain was all for making the fellow loosen up by physical force. But that did not seem to me very wise. He doubtless had the whole village on his side. Strategy, not fisticuffs, was required.

I managed to persuade the keeper that fifty of our desert police were hidden among the boulders a few hundred yards from the village walls and that their machine guns were trained on him and his village. He then decided to open up. It was true that a camelteer had recently passed that way—had in fact entered the village, carrying camel bags, but without his camels. Where had this man gone? He had made his way toward the bazaar.

We rode through the gates and down toward a straggling roadway lined with the usual hodgepodge of stalls and booths. We were met with lowering glances. We were not exactly welcome. But no one interfered. Neither did any offer us help. They knew why we were among them. The story of our presence there had flashed round the village like wildfire. So also had the story about our friends being hidden out there among the stones with machine guns caught on. I imagine that those who were in the act of departing from the village to their farms gave the spot a wide berth. They did not like machine guns.

Frankly I had not much hope of finding the wallah with the hashish. The village was small. There were hardly more than a hundred inhabitants. But there were many places where a man could hide himself. It began to look like deadlock to me. What was to be done? Wait here while a couple of scouts went for the patrol? That would take time and dusk would descend soon. After nightfall we could give up hope of ever finding the man with the hashish.

We made short work of searching the little huddle of habitations. The local forum, where the heads of the village foregathered to sip scented tea, smoke, and talk politics, proved equally barren. It was by the merest chance that one of our Wahabis overheard a wisp of conversation which led us to the belief that the man we wanted worked for a fruit seller in the bazaar.

We hurried to the yard of the fruit merchant. I placed him and his assistant under arrest, just to be on the safe side. Then we made a thorough search of the place—for a second time. I sat in the middle of the yard and stared and stared at the stacks of dates while the men turned everything over. It looked pretty hopeless. Bain shook his head.

"Plenty saddlebags around, Digger, but not a sign of hashish. What in hell are we going to do? It'll be dark in an hour!"

"I've thought of that."

THEN it came to me in a flash. Dates! God in heaven! Why hadn't I thought of it before? Dates! Of course! This fruit-seller's yard was the finest place in the world for concealing such a substance as hashish. The appearance of hashish, it should be noted, is not unlike that of slabs of linseed cattle cake. It would be easy enough to cover such slabs with sticky dates. I rose and strolled casually over to where the merchant and his assistant, lounging in a corner, were smoking and chatting together, utterly indifferent, it seemed, to our efforts. It was all over, so far as I was concerned. I knew where to find the stuff. But first I had the two securely bound and strapped to camels. As soon as we had found it we should be in rather a hurry to get away!

Bain stared, grinned.

"What's the big idea?"

"Dates," I said.

The American's face suddenly lit up.

"Gosh! Why didn't we think of that before?"

We began to attack the dates, stripping the stacks layer by layer. There must have been nearly half a ton all ready and stacked, waiting for camel transport to Damascus. In a few moments it was lying about the courtyard in bits and we had exposed the slabs of hashish. Those dates were probably worth a fiver or so to the merchant—but the dope we found was worth at least £350.

We were jubilant, of course. This merchant and his assistant would not only suffer imprisonment but be heavily fined. And the Fourteenth Patrol would receive a percentage of the fine!

We were not long in stowing the precious slabs in our saddle packs. We rode through the bazaar with ugly growls at our heels. But they did not worry us. Had we not the support of those fifty mythical machine gunners? In a few moments we had left the village with our prisoners and were loping along at a terrific rate. By sunset we were back at the spot where we had left the Skipper.

Dusk then gave way to nightfall. We kept up the pace hour after hour. Presently we dropped to a walk-march. It seemed that the silence deepened. We were still following the tracks of our patrol. They must have made good going after we had left them.

The cool breezes of the midnight hour played about us. We plodded on. We were still following those tracks when the moon paled. At last we came to a sudden halt, checked in our tracks, waiting for dawn.

It came suddenly—a conflagration of the heavens reflected on the burnt dust of the plains. We loped forward at increased speed. The tracks were clear. We marveled at the pace those camels must have made through the night. Ours had been swift. But we had to carry on for more than three hours of the new day before we came within sight of the patrol.

WE saw the black smudge on the blazing horizon. We broke loose, racing like madmen. Presently we could make out the silhouetted lines of men, tents, and beasts. Two men had mounted, broken away from camp, were racing toward us. Now the air was filled with shouts. We rode in to find the patrol at rest, a number of them guarding a dozen Arab camelteers.

I reported our find to the Skipper, telling him how we had very nearly been tricked, how the two camels had been killed and abandoned, and handed over the date merchant and his assistant.

"I'll say they gave us a good run," remarked Bain.

"Good business, you fellows," the Skipper grinned. "But come over here and take a dekko at these beasts."

He showed us eighteen camels. Great tufts of hair had been shaved from the hump of each beast. These were in the same state as the two we had seen outside the village, except that these were very much alive. Slabs of hashish had been glued to the shaven patches of the camels' humps and tufts of hair had been stuck over the hashish. The job had been done so neatly that it was almost impossible to detect the device.

When the patrol had come up with this string of camels the Skipper had been mystified by the fact that none carried saddle or vestige of baggage. The camel men had said they were taking the beasts to Damascus to be sold. The story hardly squared with their frantic speed when they were being chased by the patrol.

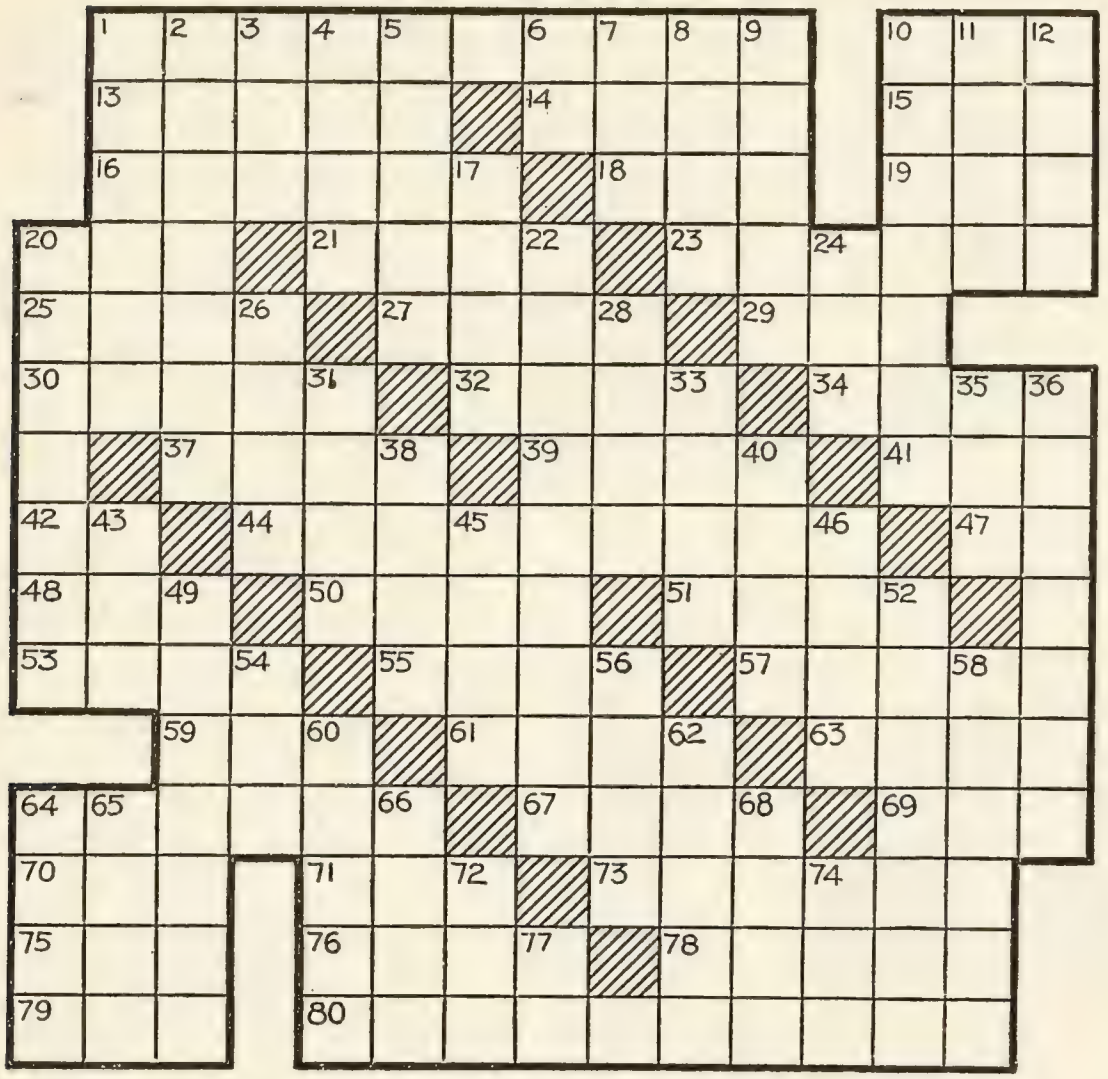
Then Armstrong had been struck by the unusually long hair of the camels. They had not been clipped that year. Since they were to be sold, why had they not been clipped? Camel hair is valuable. No Arab in his senses would think of selling a beast without first clipping off the long hair, for which he has very many uses. On the face of it, the whole business was decidedly suspicious.

The Skipper had begun by running his hand through the fine silky hair of the hump of one of the beasts. He felt something hard under the hair. Then he knew. He pursued the matter no further until the camel men had been safely roped together. After which he set the patrol to work on the eighteen camels, relieving the beasts of patches of hair and slabs of hashish. It was a wonderful haul—between £5,000 and £6,000 worth! They had thought to lead the whole patrol astray by sending those two camels to the village! As it turned out, however, the result was net gain for the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol.

This concludes the present series of Hell Riders stories by Mr. Blackledge. Another series of them, relating Digger Craven's further adventures in the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol under Skipper Armstrong, will appear in future issues of Liberty.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 What Frenchmen fall for
10 Pea jacket
13 Lung food
14 An opening for an oily young man of parts
15 Malt soup
16 A rat's business that needs exterminating
18 One foot
19 What a good looker can do
20 An overheated gent of the upper circles
21 Pass over quickly
23 The Greeks claim he had lots of horse sense
25 Shady matters
27 The spendthrift of the British nation. Oh, yeah?
29 This is locked between two big drinks
30 This is Ike for long
32 Chuck in the navy
34 Second gear for Dobbin
37 Where they keep fodder
39 One of Tennyson's women
41 Snide
42 Pep
44 A town that's been painted red
47 He buries his mistakes (abbr.)
48 Where cows go for picnics
50 Saw green
51 Good lookers
53 Therefore
55 Cinch
57 He leads a hell of a life
59 These open questions of doubt
61 Here's a sticker for you
63 The first thing you make in shoemaking
64 A clubby fellow

SCAN	PERIS	COPE
TARO	ALONE	OMAR
IMAM	RISEN	MIRI
REBALE	AROMATIC	
DING	TRY	
EM	SATIN	SNARES
DOT	RALES	AGAVE
IRIS	LAVED	AMID
TRAIL	SERAI	ALA
HORNET	RUMPS	SN
AHS	MOST	
CAMISOLE	CERISE	
EPIC	MABEL	IDEA
BINE	ADORE	POTS
USED	SEERS	SLAY

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 A big shot in old Greece
69 Pronoun
70 This gets around the Japanese
71 Junior took this out for a spin right under dad's nose
73 Unemployed through preference
75 Horses find this toothsome
76 Scotchmen find few of these for money
78 He helps himself
79 The early home of Bacon
80 Salesmen

VERTICAL

1 What old soaks are
2 These stand out in the bush league
3 This bird liked elephants
4 Penmen find many uses for these
5 Hunts
6 How's that?
7 The drop of a nut
8 Feed-bag time
9 Slight things the guests took in to dinner
10 Sky pilots
11 An oily beginning
12 She'll sacrifice her life for a buck
17 If Macbeth had them would you call them Macbeth's twitches?
20 Bald-headed men can always do this to their roofs
22 High mucky-muck
24 Souse party
26 What Columbus set twice for America
28 This holds the Chinese together
31 This mayonnaise you by helping you through a maze
33 Add less to this and you get radio
35 Nonspring chickenish
36 Despotty characters
38 Leading figures
40 These have dark beginnings and endings but are used to getting things done
43 This is almost over
45 Here's where outs used to become ins
46 To lay out deck hands
49 Mighty spryness
52 Discolorer
54 Not on
56 They're all alike
58 Very pretty bloomers
60 Pushover
62 These have socks appeal
64 Lots of hunks
65 Some fine words about yourself you never read
66 Best smeller
68 Dog blanket, ankle fender
72 Here's a preposition for you
74 Short for Isaac
77 Try these on your hisser

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Street.....

Town..... State.....

Let the Dead Past—

A Short Short Story by LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

"I SAID I had a surprise for you, John—and for you, Mildred. I know it will be a pleasant one. Come." Stephen Faversham took his brother's arm. Mildred linked hers in Stephen's. They walked down the long hall. Through the door of the drawing-room Stephen ushered them, smiling in his Puckish way. They had come back after two years in South America expecting to find him still confirmed in his bachelorhood. "My fiancée, Iris Layden. Brother John and sister-in-law Mildred, Iris."

She was standing by the window looking out on the fading garden. She was regally tall, blonde and lovely. She held out her hand to Mildred and deep-blue eyes met Mildred's, gray and level, in a swift appraising glance.

"I congratulate you both from the bottom of my heart." Mildred's voice was deep and gentle.

John Faversham held the hand of his brother's chosen for a short second; his face, always masklike, was more inscrutable than ever—a cruelly clean-cut face, lean and handsome. "You bowl me over, Stephen," he said. "You do indeed."

Stephen laughed. "We just met a month ago. It was love at first sight. I knew if love ever came to me, it would be like that. We are very happy, Iris and I. We are going to be happier. We're being married in two weeks' time. We were only waiting for your return."

The butler entered with a tray of cocktails. "Here's to the bride." Mildred raised her glass. They drank but the toast seemed somehow flat.

"You look tired, John." Stephen took Mildred's arm. "I'll leave you to talk with Iris and get better acquainted. Mildred and I will take a stroll in the garden. There are so many things I have to learn about the proper way of getting married, the correct procedure before and after, and who could better advise me than my lovely gypsy sister-in-law?"

They strolled out, Stephen tall, his dark hair gray at the temples; Mildred a half head shorter, with wavy chestnut hair, olive skin, and eyes perpetually bright. The murmur of their voices faded into silence, making deeper silence in the great drawing-room. Iris Layden sat carelessly on the piano bench, the half-empty glass held tightly in long fingers on one of which gleamed a gorgeous emerald.

"Well?" she said finally.

"Yes, well! What's the game, Iris? You know you can't do this. You simply dare not—"

"No?" She put down the glass, took a cigarette from a silver box and lighted it with steady hand. "Why can't I?"

"Why can't you!" John Faversham stared at her. "Good God, woman, have you ever stopped to think about it? Stephen's a prince of a chap. The salt of the earth. He's my brother. I'm not going to stand by and let him throw himself away on—"

"Your former mistress—why don't you say it?" Her voice was cool, her eyes never wavered from his.

"So." He looked at her sullenly.

"You know very well I was young then—and silly. I thought you loved me, thought you'd marry me some day."

"I didn't. That's the point. I—I should have told Stephen at once, but I couldn't find words. I was dumfounded, utterly at a loss, when he brought me in here and confronted me—with you."

"Like a ghost out of the past, what?" She took a sip of the cocktail. "Don't you think it would be as well, John, to do what the poet says—'Let the dead past bury its dead'?"

"No!" His voice was harsh, determined. "No. Not ever. We are staying home now, Mildred and I. We'll be seeing a lot of Stephen. I cannot bear the thought that my brother's wife—"

"Not again!" she said wearily.

"You'll have to give him up, Iris."

"If I don't?"

"I'll have to tell him the truth. I'd hate to. But if you persist in your determination to marry him, there's nothing else for me to do."

"You're being smug, John—and cruel and—and playing the high-and-mighty judge over a woman who did nothing worse than love you. You're the last person in the world who should accuse me. Besides, I love Stephen and he loves me."

"He doesn't know—what he loves."

Her cheeks reddened. Her fingers closed tighter around the thin stem of her glass.

"Tell him, then. I won't give him up."

"You don't understand, Iris," he said coldly. "I have no choice in the matter. There's honor among us Favershams. Knowing what I know, I couldn't let Stephen go ahead and marry you. I could never look him in the eye again—"

"It's too bad that I have to be a sacrifice for the Faversham honor. I thought it was the part of honor to protect a woman—especially one whom you once loved."

HE said nothing. His mouth was grim. Presently Mildred and Stephen came in from their stroll in the garden. Stephen was laughing, Mildred's eyes were bright as jet.

Their gayety died suddenly at the look on John's face, at Iris Layden's pallor. Stephen walked over to her and put his arm about her shoulders.

He stared uneasily at John. Mildred picked up a cocktail and sipped it nervously.

"I say, what's wrong here?" Stephen frowned at his elder brother. "What's amiss with you two? You look as if a few ghosts had cropped up since we left. Is there—"

John did not look at Iris. He spoke to Mildred and Stephen. "This," he said, "is the worst moment of my life, Stephen. Suppose, after you were married you found out—well, how would you feel if you knew your wife had been your brother's mistress? Suppose I, married to Mildred for five years, suddenly learned she had once been your mistress?"

A cocktail glass shattered on the floor. Mildred swayed, would have fallen, but Stephen was at her side in an instant, supporting her. His own face was ghastly. "How—how—" he stammered, "did you ever find out?"

THE END

$2,000 CASH PRIZE

GAME OF CITIES

PICTURE NO. 1

Name of City.....

WHICH ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of an American city.
2. To compete, clip and paste down or trace the pictures, and under each write the name of the city it suggests to you.
3. When you have a complete set of twenty pictures each titled with the name of a town or city, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which one of the cities or towns interests you most, and why.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names and accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 6, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF CITIES EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

IF YOU CAN FIND NAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES IN THESE DRAWINGS YOU CAN SUBMIT A WINNING ENTRY

PICTURE NO. 2

Name of City.....

HERE'S a contest to challenge your knowledge of American cities, your skill at solving a rebus, and to reward your tenacity of purpose. For ten weeks Liberty will publish drawings similar to those above, each of which will indicate or suggest the name of a prominent American city. There will be twenty drawings in all. Will you be able to pick each name? Come on now. Accept the challenge. You may be the one who wins the $500 First Prize. Your chance is excellent if you play the game through. Read the rules, pick this week's cities, and then watch for the third and fourth drawings next week.

WATCH FOR TWO MORE CONTEST DRAWINGS NEXT WEEK

Murder of Dr. Casanova

by LUCILE ANETEL

The Story of a Man Who Loved Too Many Women—A Vivid Tale of Secret Amours and a Mysterious Nemesis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOUR women flitted through the gay life of Dr. Dennis O'Day, and to each in turn he gave an identical jeweled clip resembling a Swiss chalet. When his body is found, with the skull crushed in, on the Rome road near his Utica home, all clues to the murder have vanished—even the death instrument—except for one of these clips. This lay in the road near by.

Jason Jones, a friend of the victim and the latter's brother, learns from Williams, a Utica jeweler, that Dr. Dinny had had four such clips made. One went to Celia Townsend; another to Primrose Evans; a third to Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson; and the fourth to Mary Van Winkle, daughter of a farmer who found Dinny's body beside his car, after being awakened by the whinnying of a fractious mare.

Celia Townsend, whom Jason secretly loves, has her clip, but Jason learns that her father bitterly opposed Dinny. Lila Gibson appears to have departed for Reno for a divorce two hours before the murder. Back at the O'Day home, Aunt Harriet gives Jason three diaries which Dinny kept, and in

He heard a rustle of paper as she tucked something into her dress.

these he reads of the victim's love affairs. There also is an intimation that Dinny's brother, Dr. Angelo, loved Lila. Jason then recalls that there was tar oil on the Rome road, and that Angelo, supposedly out on a case at the time of the killing, washed tar oil from the tires of his car when he returned. Primrose Evans has her clip but commits suicide.

Mary Van Winkle has her clip, and declares she was working at the O'Day Press, owned by Aunt Hat, when Dinny was killed. Collins, a gas-station attendant, says he saw the victim with a woman an hour before the murder, then saw Dinny driving alone. Jason and the police find Lila Gibson's strangled body in a ravine near where Dinny was found, and she wore her clip. That makes five clips in all—and Williams made only four.

We now find the witnesses at the coroner's inquest waiting for the jury to return its verdict.

PART FIVE—EVASIONS, DECEPTIONS, SILENCE

THE witnesses passed a half hour in strained silence. Angelo and Aunt Harriet sat quietly and erectly, as though utterly impervious to any expressed doubts or implications of the incorruptibility of their family honor.

Celia Townsend sat gazing at her hands where they lay in her lap. Her father's glance met Jason's and became steely. Rip Van Winkle leaned toward her father, whose shoulders twitched nervously.

The jurymen returned to their places. Only they were impassive. Every other person in the room held his breath. The foreman spoke:

"The finding of the jury is that Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson died of willful murder by strangulation at the hands of Dr. Dennis O'Day.

"Dr. Dennis O'Day died of willful murder at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

The inquest concluded, the crowd filed out silently.

"I'm going to drop you at the house and go out again," Jason told Aunt Hat as they drove home. "I want to go up to Cooperstown and look around Dinny's camp."

IT was a two-hour trip to the camp from Utica. The first slow drops of rain were falling and lightning streaked the sky when Jason arrived there. With the keys Dr. Angelo had given him, he unlocked the garage and put his car away. Then he let himself into the picturesque little house and snapped on the lights.

The big room in which he stood was finished in a studiedly rustic manner, with rough sturdy chairs, thick Navaho rugs, a broad divan heaped with gay calico and linen cushions, a table with portable victrola and piles of books and magazines, and big chairs grouped around a graystone fireplace.

Jason turned to a desk in the corner and started to ruffle through a few letters and papers in the drawers. Receipted bills, a group of case histories started in a notebook, a green-and-white handkerchief still possessing a faint odor of gardenia. Nothing of the least importance.

He went up a narrow stairway to the bedrooms above. It was entirely dark now and the lightning crackled terrifyingly. Thunder followed the flashes almost immediately with ominous and deafening roar. Rain was flooding down and the lake had become a surging tumult.

Three small bedrooms were above—two with no sign of ownership, past or present, and the third Dinny's. It was unexpectedly plain, even ascetic. The floor was bare. An army cot, an old chest of drawers, and two chairs were all the furniture.

JASON opened the closet door. Nothing but khaki breeches and a flannel shirt. A rifle stood in one corner and a faded bathing suit had fallen from its hook to a heap on the floor. He turned to the chest of drawers. At that moment a blinding flash lighted the room like noon, and in the dreadful clatter of thunder that followed the lights went out.

"I suppose I was lucky to have them so long," Jason thought philosophically, and taking out his flash light opened the top drawer of the chest. But he found only old ties and a belt or two. The second drawer offered another khaki shirt and some handkerchiefs—and two snapshots.

One was a group picture, Aunt Hat beaming in the center, a bandanna tied rakishly over her gray hair; Angelo at one side gesticulating with a large sandwich; Dinny, on her other side, had his arm around Aunt Hat and was grinning broadly at something; in front of them, sitting on the ground, was Celia Townsend, her arms around George, Aunt Harriet's cat.

The other little picture was of Celia alone. It was taken close up. The sun made a halo of her bright hair and touched the chalet clip on her dress. Below in Dinny's hand was written "Jonquil." Jason looked at the photograph a long minute and slipped it into his pocket. Then he went downstairs to the kitchen.

He was opening cupboard doors and investigating its stores, when suddenly he turned out his flash light and stood silent, listening intently. Above the noise of the rain came the sound of the front door closing. He waited motionless. In a moment footsteps crossed the living room. Jason moved stealthily across the kitchen. When he reached the door to the living room he turned on his flash light.

Simultaneously some one out of its focus said, "Who is it?"

He threw the beam in the direction of the voice. It was an extremely pretty and extremely frightened girl. Water was streaming down her green rubber coat and a soaked green béret covered blonde hair. Terrified dark eyes blinked into the sudden light. Her right hand held in a desperate but very wavering fashion a pistol.

"For heaven's sake, Celia!" Jason admonished. "Don't let that thing go off. It's only I." He threw the beam on his own face a second to reassure her.

The automatic dropped to the floor as the girl stared at him bewilderedly. Then she turned very white and began to laugh hysterically.

"Here, young lady; none of that," Jason said sternly. "Just think how lucky you were that it was only J. Jones, Esquire." He picked up the gun and laid it on the table.

"You n-needn't be gentle with it," Celia stammered. "It isn't even loaded."

Jason pulled out the cartridge clip. It was empty.

"Then why—" he began.

"Oh, just for protection," she said nervously. "I'm afraid of guns."

Jason shook his head. "Women are consistent crea-

Her right hand held in a desperate but very wavering fashion a pistol.

tures," he observed. He went to the window and peered out. Though it was still storming badly, the lightning was receding.

"We can't go back yet," he decided.

"N-no; better not."

Jason looked at the girl. She was shivering with reaction and dampness.

"What we need," he remarked, "is a fire—a large roasting fire."

He transferred kindling and logs from the wood basket to the fireplace and touched a match. The birch logs caught quickly and soon gave them both light and grateful warmth.

"And now give me your wet things!"

"Such a masterful man!" Celia replied as she handed him the coat and béret.

"Certainly," retorted Jason. "I'm neither rich, handsome, nor brave, but I can be masterful!"

The girl smiled wanly as she sank into a chair before the fire, still white from her scare. Jason departed toward the kitchen and returned with a coffeepot, which he put over the flames.

"Oh, nice," Celia commented.

The man stooped and felt of her small black-and-white oxfords. "Don't need to take them off," he decided, "but keep your feet on the fender while I get crackers and things."

While he rummaged in the larder for the rest of their lunch the lights flashed back on. "Good," Jason pronounced to the world in general. "Now, if I only had some canned milk, I'd be happy." He went to the kitchen door to ask Celia if she could drink her coffee black.

The chair before the fireplace was empty.

Jason glanced swiftly around. A door opening into a third downstairs room was ajar. Softly he stole toward it and looked in. The girl stood before the dressing table. He heard a little rustle of paper as she tucked something into the front of her dress, then the closing of a drawer.

"Did you find it?" he asked.

She turned toward him, startled and pale. "Find what?"

"What you were looking for."

"No." Her answer was a little breathless.

Jason came into the room. "But, Celia, you can't do that, you know," he said gently. "You can't go through Dinny's things and take what you like."

Her lips trembled. "It isn't anything of Dinny's more than mine. It was letters. Silly things, and I wanted them back."

"Oh, letters—" said Jason in a skeptical tone.

"How did you know they would be here?" he asked after a moment.

"I didn't, but I hoped they were. I couldn't look in the town house, but if they were here I could get them."

"But this wasn't Dinny's room," Jason protested.

"No, but he used it sometimes," she answered slowly. "He liked it."

JASON looked around the very feminine room. Latticed windows curtained with thin golden silk opened on the lake. A large low bed of pale green wood was heaped with little pillows of yellow and green; a dressing table with gold fittings stood near a chaise longue covered with maize-colored satin. Jason thought of Dinny's name for Celia—Jonquil.

"It is a pretty room, isn't it?" said Celia. "Dinny had it done over just a little while ago. I think it's just beautiful." Her voice quivered.

Jason turned away, sick at heart. "Let's get some coffee," he said. "We both need it."

They sat before the fireplace, Celia in one of the big chairs, the man on a fur rug at her feet. At first they drank their coffee in silence. Then Jason asked, "Where is your car?"

"Outside," was the answer. "The windows are up, so it can't get too ruined."

"Does your father know where you are?"

"No; no one does."

Jason was silent again as he filled and lit his pipe; then he spoke: "Celia, how did Dinny happen to give you your clip?"

"Because I asked for it," she answered after a moment. "I knew about those clips, of course. Everybody in town knew. And I boasted to my friends that I could get one too. So I asked him for it last Christmas."

Her mind went back to the gay holidays. The Thanksgiving dance where Dinny had first seemed aware of her as a grown-up person. Her delight in his attentions and

her pride in keeping him away from that Mrs. Gibson. Dinny's deft, casual compliments and, as the days went on and they saw each other more and more, his deft, casual love-making. And finally the unexpected Christmas gift of the jeweled clip. Unexpected because, when Celia had mentioned it, he had only laughed in delighted surprise and called her "a small child." It seemed a long time ago.

Jason's voice broke in on her abstractions: "But your father made you return it, didn't he?"

"Yes; I had to send it back when he found out about it. I only had it a couple of months. Daddy was furious; and when I gave it back to Dinny, he was furious, too."

"But Dinny returned it to you later?"

Her reply was unexpectedly precise: "On June 15."

"Celia," he began—and then turned and looked at her.

She was huddled forlornly in a corner of her chair, her face hidden, her shoulders shaking with muffled little sobs. Jason took her small fist in his, holding it in friendly silence until her tears stopped and she sat up, mopping her eyes with a damp green handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," she said abjectly, "but for days things have just been worse and worse. I felt all tight here"—she touched her heart—"and then just now something seemed to go, all at once."

She looked so apologetic that Jason wanted to smile.

"My dear child, it's quite natural and perfectly all right. You loved him very much, didn't you?"

Celia answered simply, unaware of the wistfulness that lay hidden in those words.

"Yes, I did," she said. "I never thought I could love any one like that. He was so dear to me. Different from the boys I've known. He'd been everywhere and knew every one. I suppose his being older and more experienced was what made me flattered at first. And," she added naïvely, "it was fun keeping him away from the other girls."

"DINNY was very attractive to women," Jason observed dispassionately.

"They liked him," Celia agreed, "and were always running after him. Like Mrs. Gibson, you know."

"You knew her?"

"I'd met her. She used to come to the Players Club with Dinny. Even to rehearsals and things."

"Players Club—what's that?"

"It's Utica's great big little-theater movement. We've had lots of fun with it. Dinny played in the doctors' orchestra. It's called that because it's made up mostly of doctors."

"Did he act, too?"

"Oh, yes; he had the lead in this year's one-act play that won the cup. Mrs. Gibson helped him with his Italian accent. I didn't like her. She was old."

"Only thirty-seven," remarked Jason.

Celia looked incredulous. "You must be mistaken. She was at least forty. Anyhow, she used to patronize me because she'd known Dinny before I had. Dinny hated that as much as I did, especially after the Fourth-of-July dance."

"What happened then?" Jason looked interested.

"It was a big dance at the Teugaga Club in Rome. The clubhouse is on the lake—Delta Lake, you know—not far from Mrs. Gibson's house. Dinny took me and she went with Angelo. I had my clip back then and she saw it."

"Hadn't she known you had one before?"

"I don't believe so. Anyhow, we were all standing together when she noticed it and said so sarcastically, 'Isn't she rather young for you, Dinny?' Dinny was simply furious, but all he said was, '*Autres temps, autres mœurs*, my dear Lila,' and then took me off and danced. When we saw Angelo again he said he'd taken Lila home, that she'd had a headache. I don't think Angelo ever liked me very well."

"I'm sure that's your imagination," Jason said. "Angelo is more reserved than Dinny was. But tell me this, Celia: why did your father hate Dinny so?"

The girl caught her breath quickly. "Why do you say that? Daddy didn't hate Dinny; he liked him. Of course he thought I was pretty young to go out with him very much. But he *liked* Dinny."

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MAKES CARS GO FASTER . . SAVES ON GASOLINE

Jason wondered why she told him this obvious lie when they had both witnessed the bitterness with which Mr. Townsend spoke of the young doctor two mornings before in the garden, and when only five minutes ago she admitted her father's rage over the chalet clip. At every turn, Jason complained to himself, he met with evasions, deceptions, and silence. Did no one want the truth but him? He sighed and glanced at his watch. Ten o'clock!

"We shall have to get you home," he told the girl, "or your father will think you kidnaped."

They put out the fire, turned off the lights, went out, and locked the door. The rain had stopped and the air felt cool and fresh.

"I'll follow you," Jason told Celia, "and don't drive too fast."

The woods road was slippery with water and mud, but after they reached the state road they could go faster. So it was not quite midnight when Jason saw the girl turn in at the Townsend driveway and heard a good-night toot of her horn.

He continued on downtown to the pool room on Lafayette Street. Much as he disliked the task, it was necessary that he talk again with Lew Evans.

The car parked, he entered the brightly lighted place. It was fairly full. He bought a pack of cigarettes and a bottle of beer to give himself a chance to look around and see whether Lew was there.

He found out almost immediately. An ugly voice behind him said: "Well, if it ain't our friend Nosey again!"

Jason faced him, undecided whether to lose or keep his temper.

"Well, Evans?"

"Well, Nosey? You didn't have such good luck tonight, did you? I'm right here this time."

The boy was in a vicious humor. His face was flushed and a stench of bad gin hung about him.

"Look here, Evans," Jason said in a last attempt to keep peace. "There is no need to take this tone."

"No need—no need!" Lew mimicked in a falsetto voice. "No need of you either. I know your dirty ways. Spying around and trying to pin murder on innocent people!"

"All right, Evans. You don't have to talk to me. I'll let Donovan handle you, as he wanted to in the beginning, and you won't find it very pleasant." Jason picked up his package of cigarettes and started to go.

The boy's defiance collapsed like a pricked balloon and, in the midst of a dead silence, he followed Jason out. He reached the running board of the car as Jason was turning the ignition switch.

"I never said I wouldn't talk to you," the boy whined, and Jason saw that his face was white with fear.

JASON drew a deep breath. "Well, then, where did you go on the tow-car call the night of the murder?"

The boy coughed a little, nervously. "Bill had to go to Paris Hill, but I got off on the way up."

"Why?"

Lew looked at him furtively. "Maybe this hasn't got anything to do with the murder."

"You can't tell. It might be important. Go on," Jason urged.

"Well, when we met Dr. Dinny's car at the stop light on the Parkway and Genesee, I got out. He had that Townsend girl with him and I wanted to see where they went. They turned over the Parkway toward her house."

"And then?"

"I walked along that way. But by the time I'd got to Townsend's they'd finished talking in the car and she was going in."

"Could you hear anything that was said?"

"I heard him say: 'I mean it. Either you meet me or I'll do what I said.' And then she laughed kinda mad and said: 'You better not! You know what daddy said he'd do to you if you set foot inside the house.' Then she went toward the house and didn't answer when he called her, and after a minute he drove off and met the other dame."

"The other dame—yes. Exactly where did he meet her?" Jason tried to keep his voice calm and not betray the fact that this was a precious new item.

"WHEN I was walking toward the Townsends' I noticed a woman standing in the shadows about half a block down from their house. It looked like she was waiting for somebody, and she was."

"Did you know her?"

"Not her name, no, but I'd seen her with the doc."

"What did she look like?" Jason's voice was casual.

"Thin, with black hair. She had on dark clothes. Oh, she was the dame he killed. You can bet on that."

"Yes, of course," Jason agreed absently. "Did you notice anything else about her?"

"She had a suitcase on the sidewalk by her."

"Did Dr. O'Day seem to expect her?"

"I guess so. He turned around and went back to where she was standing, and stopped. I was between the house and her. The doc got out and took her case and then they both drove off."

Jason pondered a minute before he resumed:

"Then what did you do?"

"I hung around about five minutes and was going back to meet Bill when I saw the old guy."

"Who?"

"Big Business—Henry Townsend himself in person. He came out of the house and was by me like a streak. Looked madder'n hell. I lit out after him and could hardly keep up. When we got to Genesee Street he turned up towards the O'Days'. But the tow car came along just then, so I got in and came back down here with Bill."

"You came back directly to the pool room?"

"Yes."

"All right, Lew. You were sensible to tell me this. I hope it will help us."

"O. K.," said the youth jauntily. "If anything else comes up I'll let you know." He returned to the curiosity of his friends, and Jason took his muddled thoughts home to bed.

Jason Jones was an ardent believer in Sabbath observance as exemplified by a long, late, leisurely breakfast followed by two hours' devotion to the Sunday papers and the remainder of the day given over to alternate meal times and rest.

On this particular Sunday, however, he awoke early and reluctantly forsook his all too comfortable bed. "The duty of an industrial investigator," he reminded

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Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny.

Also we cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

himself sternly, "is to investigate industriously."

After a lonely breakfast he put the keys of the printing office in his pocket and pointed his car downtown to the plant of the O'Day Press.

He knew that he would have the complete privacy he needed, when the plant was entirely empty, to go over Aunt Harriet's business records and confirm or disprove his suspicion of what was wrong with the O'Day Press. Reluctantly he unlocked the door and went in, leaving behind him the fresh-smelling sunlit streets, quiet in the peace they had but once a week.

He found it incredibly difficult to get down to work even after he had hung up his coat and rolled his shirt sleeves to the elbow, sharpened half a dozen pencils, laid out a fresh pad of memo paper, and opened the correspondence file.

Impatiently he pushed back his chair and prowled through the office, out past the pressroom and into the composing room at the far end of the building. A sharp flurry of sound caught his ear, and he stood motionless with bated breath for an instant—but the next minute laughed aloud when he saw the frightened eyes of a small brown mouse peeping out from its nest of paper waste under a bench.

Along the wall were several hooks holding notes of instruction from day men to night men. Jason glanced at a few. The habit, apparently, was never to throw the notes away but to slip the fresh ones each day on the hooks on top of the old ones. As he glanced through one pack he saw the word Van Winkle twice, and, with a sudden desire to get down to work, he drew all the papers from their impromptu files and took them back to the office.

The two notes that had caught his eye were fourth and fifth from the top. The first one read, "Van Winkle wants proofs by 9 A. M. Get at least half of them for her sure. She's a hellion and a Dinny girl." The second was a piece of bawdy persiflage: "Van Winkle's spending the night here with you. What will Dinny say? *Watch your step!*"

The grim warning that ended the note was not lost on Jason. He set it carefully aside with the thought, "Rip's story checks so far. Hm! But that's business of Dinny's death, not business of Aunt Harriet's press. The question is, are the two problems really one? Are they the horizontal and vertical of a cross-word puzzle, interlocking in a dozen places?"

HUMORING himself as he would a child, he labeled one sheet of paper "*Vertical*—Dinny's Death," and a second "*Horizontal*—The O'Day Press." Under their proper headings he listed the items that still puzzled him—the unexplained tar oil on Angelo's car; the unexplained gap in Rip's story of where she went after seeing Dinny lying dead; Collins's assurance that he had seen Dinny returning to Utica; Townsend's threats; Celia's mysterious visit to the Chalet. What had she come for? Letters? Nonsense! She had lied, and lied clumsily, when she said her father liked Dinny. Why had she troubled to say that? And *why* had Jason pretended to believe her? ("Oh, that's no puzzle," he said, and drew a line through the last question. "Jason Jones is that way about old Townsend's daughter.")

He resumed his writing. Why did Meyer just accidentally scratch a plate with a piece of metal? Why the warning *Watch your step* to some one on the night force when Rip was to be here? Why have there been mistakes here, and so many complaints, when the press is running with a full force of competent men? *Was it a coincidence that Rip Van Winkle stayed here reading proofs till just before Dinny was killed?*

Why did Meyer ruin a customer's property?

Who is Meyer?

Jason studied the sheets thoughtfully, then attacked the correspondence files, reading steadily, making a note here and there. The church bells began, chorused, died away to silence, and still he waded through the stacks of carbon copies. He knew it was nearly dinner time but he didn't dare to leave the place with his work unfinished. The noon sun blazed through the windows.

OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR
The Real Xmas Spirit
WHAT'S THE REAL XMAS SPIRIT THIS YEAR, OLD MR. BOSTON?
OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR . . THE TRUE BRANDY TYPE LIQUOR . . .
A FRIENDLY HOLIDAY SPIRIT ..WARM..NEVER HARSH. TRY A SIP?
SAY..THAT'S REAL FRUIT FLAVOR, AND IT HAS THAT WARMING EFFECT TOO
THIS XMAS I'M GIVING ALL MY FRIENDS A BOTTLE
AND HERE'S A TIP. THE LADIES ARE SIMPLY WILD ABOUT IT
AND YOU'LL BE GLAD TO LEARN IT COSTS LESS THAN WHISKEY
OLD MR. BOSTON BRAND
Apricot NECTAR
APRICOT
CHERRY
and
BLACKBERRY
Try all three
BEN BURK, INC. Distillers BOSTON, MASS.

Jason put the letter files away and took another look at the books. They were in apple-pie order.

"It's not a cross-word puzzle," he murmured finally. "It's a double jig-saw with a central axis. I've got one half in shape and the other—almost." He sighed, looked up from the desk with dazed weariness, and began to replace materials and stuff into his pockets the papers he had used. He was grimly satisfied and he was very, very hungry.

Closing and locking the office with the triumphant finality he always felt at the completion of a job, he started the Ford once more, and the car turned willingly enough toward home. There Jason settled down on the porch to await Aunt Harriet's return from church, and almost immediately she rustled up the steps in her dark taffeta and neat gloves.

Prayer book, a discreet touch of violets on her hat, and eau de cologne on her handkerchief supplied the Sunday touches.

"How was the music?" greeted Jason.

Aunt Hat sniffed. "I don't go to church for the music. We had a very poor sermon. That substitute rector is a dolt. Not that you mightn't better have heard him than no one," she finished severely.

"My time has been spent most profitably," Jason protested. "Sit down, if you please. I would like to have words with you."

"Where were you?" asked Miss O'Day, seating herself in the porch swing and laying aside gloves and hat with a sigh of relief.

"At your printing office again. And I think at last we have our fingers on the sore spot."

"What in the world was it?" she demanded.

"To put it simply, it is your friend Mr. Meyer."

"Hm. I believe you. I never did trust that man. Seemed honest enough—but next time I'll follow my intuition. What did he do—steal and juggle the accounts?"

"NO; much cleverer than that. You told me he'd made you an offer to buy the business once or twice and that you refused it. He must have decided then to undermine your business reputation, lose as many accounts as possible, and let the whole concern run down—"

"But what good would that do?" interrupted Aunt Harriet.

"Just this good. After the business had been losing consistently he would make another offer, smaller probably, as it would be a tailing proposition by then. Then, when you had accepted his offer in relief at having a bad thing off your hands, he would build it up again."

"But how could he run it to ruin and not be dishonest? Tell me that!" Aunt Hat's eyes snapped.

"He was dishonest, but not technically."

"Nonsense! Black's black, white's white. But how did he get around me?"

"By losing business for you. By careless handling, and often, I suspect, by deliberate spoiling of costly plates belonging to customers. The 'accidents' were charged to you and of course the O'Day Press had to make good. Then, too, by not having big jobs done on time. And by high extra charges which resulted in wrangling over bills and hard feeling.

"HE did everything to annoy and exasperate your customers and lose their patronage, but he did it in a carefully careless way and was apparently innocently unlucky."

"Jason Jones! What a dreadful man! What a fool I was to keep him."

"Not at all, Aunt Harriet. He did things that weren't at all apparent. I had to dig hours to get the vaguest of inklings at first."

"Can't we arrest him?"

"No; I wouldn't advise it. Exact proof would be hard to get, and it's not worth it. You can just give him notice to get out. I feel sure when you get a new manager your customers will come back. It's a nice business and was sound and healthy up to two years ago."

"If it hadn't been for you I'd have lost it!" Aunt Hat's tones were as brusque as ever but her eyes shone with gratitude.

"I'm only glad I could finish up one thing," Jason replied.

"I must go in and get you some supper. You stay here and take a nap."

And away went Aunt Hat to bustle and stir the maids to activity.

An hour later Jason stirred uneasily in the deck chair. He had been lying there, to casual eyes sound asleep. In reality he had been doing some hard and intensive thinking. A faint frown, which might have been caused either by puzzlement or unpleasant conclusions, had settled on his face.

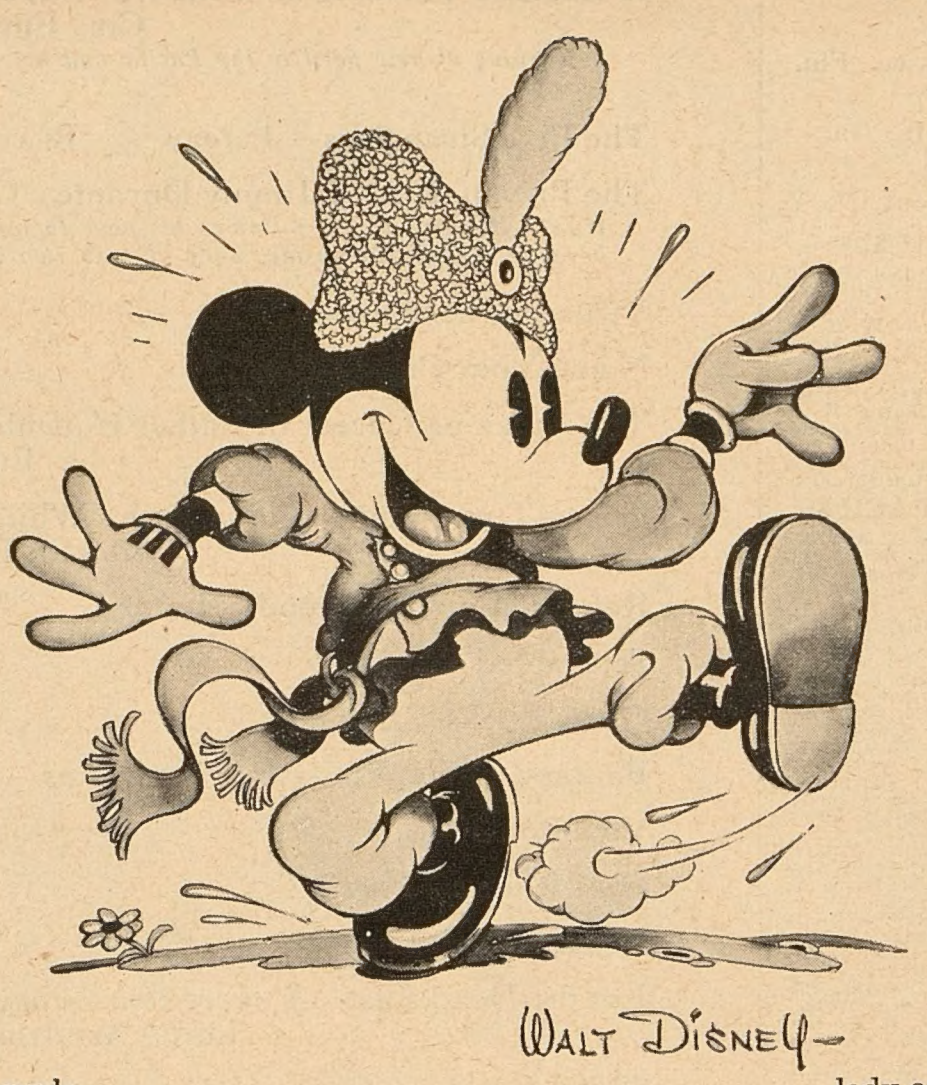
At last he opened his eyes and nodded solemnly at the porch pillar. "The only thing to do," he said aloud.

Jason Jones seems at the end of his trail. But he has one more hunch. Accepting the verdict of the coroner's jury that Dinny murdered Lila, there is still the mystery of who murdered him. And the chief clue to this appears to lie in the identity of the fifth chalet clip. Watch how Jason's hunch develops in next week's installment.

Answer to Scrambled Word on Page 36

INERTIA

TO THE LADIES!



by
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Linguist, Friend of the Famous in Europe, and Descendant of the First Czar of Russia

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SOMETHING went *rrrip* the first time Lawrence Tibbett sang in a Victor Herbert operetta. He had on a hired dress suit, and his part required him to bend over and pick up a fat lady while singing lustily. That was when something went *rrrip*—to the great glee of the audience—and Mr. Tibbett couldn't turn his back to the front until the act was over.

Unlike most high-powered singers, he doesn't coddle his voice very much—often goes out without his rubbers, and won't talk in a whisper to safeguard his throat. But he never takes more than one hot bath per week—takes cool ones instead—advises the same precaution for all vocalists, be they singers or talk-slingers.

"Grand opera ought to be sung in English whenever possible," Lawrence Tibbett says, and hurray for him for that! So few people understand opera's foreign lingo, he told me, that the management always has to plant claquers in the audience to start the clapping at the right time.

In addition to the Metropolitan Opera season, which begins next week, the Tibbett barytone is everywhere being heard over the radio and through sound pictures. His full name, by the way, is Lawrence Mervil Tibbett; he reads none of his fan mail except the knocks; he once was a California cowboy—and here is a Tibbett riddle for you:

Four and three make seven, yet Lawrence has three children, his wife has four children—and together they have six children. The answer is that five are offspring of former marriages. Now figure *that* out.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

TWO old love letters are playing important but entirely different parts in the lives of two married couples.

In one case the husband always carries with him the first love letter he ever received from his wife. It has been in his pocketbook for more than fifty years. He has kept it always with him, he says, as a charm against domestic troubles—and his marriage has been extraordinarily happy.

The other letter was written by a man begging his wife to come back to him after a short but stormy separation. He is a large gay gentleman of violent tastes and appetites. His little woman has kept the letter in a secret place for years. It's in rags now—but just as powerful as ever. Out it comes the minute she thinks he may even be looking at any other woman.

"You begged me to come back—here it is in your own writing!" And she waves the tattered missive at him like a battle flag. "You can't live without me. You said so in black and white. Let me catch you just once at your old tricks. Just once, if you dare!"

Silly as it may seem—that's how she keeps him on the straight and narrow path.

ON this page you see a picture of Mickey Mouse in Russian costume. Walt Disney drew it for me as a souvenir of my visit to his Hollywood studio. I have promised, in return, to furnish the voice of Minnie Mouse some day—when the Disney classic gets produced in our Russian language. Mickey's name in Russian would be *Miky Mish.*

PINE cones decorate the Christmas dinner table effectively and inexpensively. Touch the cones up with gold or silver paint, make a mound of them on the center of the table, with bunches of green grapes and gay little lady apples scattered between the cones.

Or, if you want to be modernistic, use an oval looking-glass in the center, wreathe it all around with sprays of white artificial holly, and across the mirror arrange a parade of tiny toy favors—small glass or white china animals, etc.—one for each guest.

PARENTS stay up too late," objects a schoolgirl who has just arrived at the *boysome* age. "Mothers and fathers used to go to bed around half past nine," she says. "Then a girl could have the parlor to herself. But now they stay up until all hours—and we girls never have a chance."

There may be a measure of justice in her complaint.

Young things always have needed to be left alone for their sparking. In a small house the parlor is their only place for it, and when reading or radio-listening parents fill the parlor—well, then the youngsters go out instead of staying home.

Perhaps we should start an *early-to-bed* movement for the parents of budding girls.

FOR kitchen literature I recommend The Mystery Chef's Own Cook Book.

Excellent recipes, very practical and easy to follow. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co.)

NOW comes the best of all seasons for those glittering sequin jackets. Perfect, I think, for informal Christmas parties, is the tailored jacket of wine-colored sequins that I have just seen worn over a dress of dark bottle-green crêpe.

Remember, also, that a black sequin jacket will transform *any* gown, and for very little money you can be a shining knight in a tunic of silver sequins.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

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HOW TO BRING PEACE ON EARTH

By

H. G. Wells

A plan for the years to come: A world state must replace our present governments, says a distinguished thinker—An attack merely on war will never abolish this ancient evil

TOO YOUNG FOR CHRISTMAS

By

Kathleen Norris

A tender tale of homing hearts and a holiday honeymoon

Other stories and articles by Jay Franklin, Rose Heylbut, Dan Norton, Sewell Peaslee Wright, and others

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